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LADY EVELYN COTTERELL AND HER SON.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## SCIENCE AND . . . LITERATURE.

AN old controversy has been revived by Mr. Edward Montagu, of set, but not unkindly, purpose. It is the relation that exists and the relationship that ought to exist, between the British Museum and the Museum of Natural History. The moment is not inopportune for discussing the question, as important changes have been made in both departments. There has been appointed a new Chief Librarian to take the place of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, and not long ago a successor was chosen to Sir Ray Lankester. With a new Director of the Natural History Museum and a new Principal Librarian there might well be also a new adjustment of the relations between them. Indeed, there does not seem to be any overwhelming reason why the one should be connected with the other at all. That they are so is due rather to history than to any other cause. Originally, the Natural History Museum was simply a department of the British Museum, and it was natural that there should be one chief of the whole establishment. After the collections were, in 1883, removed from Bloomsbury to the building in South Kensington, the daughter institution began to swell in importance, until it is now, in the unexaggerated language of Mr. Montagu, the greatest scientific institution of its kind in the world. Obviously, the ideal requirements for the head of the library must differ from those of the head of the museum. The librarian is chosen because of his knowledge of books. He ought to have a very wide and general knowledge of literature, and, if possible, combine with that eminence in some special branch. London has always been fortunate in possessing librarians to whom this description can be accurately applied. We have them not only in the British Museum, but in the other great libraries of the metropolis. Sir Edward Maunde Thompson's successor as Chief Librarian,

Mr. Kenyon, possesses both qualifications in an eminent degree. But it has not been claimed for him that he is an authority on natural history, far less that he is an eminent specialist in any department of it. On the other hand, if we turn to the Natural History Museum, we find that the successor to Sir Ray Lankester has been rightly chosen because of his scientific attainment, and because of the distinction he has won for himself in a particular branch of that science. Against his appointment no one, as far as we know, has uttered a word of objection or criticism. He is likely to fill his place just as admirably as the present holder of the office of Chief Librarian.

But what we wish to point out is that the two types are so different as to come into sharp contrast. The bookish man who has spent the best of his life in poring over old tomes and studying ancient learning has followed a path exactly opposite to that of him who has taken the Book of Nature as he finds it existing to-day, and has applied himself to read it aright. In comparatively recent times the distinction was not by any means so marked. A scholar in the Middle Ages, and even afterwards, tried to be encyclopædic. Every branch of learning was his, and Science itself was so immature and so much a matter of speculation that it developed the imaginative qualities more than those of direct observation. The modern man of science, however, deals primarily with facts. So much is this the case that the most brilliant of its professors have often been men who almost ostentatiously despised letters. The founder of the modern school who still ranks immeasurably greater than any of his fellows, Charles Darwin, after working for a lifetime at research and experiment, lost what taste he once had for literature, and, it is said, could not even read Shakespeare with any pleasure. Anyone who conceives the channels in which scientific thought and action run to-day can well understand that the cleavage is increasing in depth. The scholar is usually a man of imagination himself, and his hours are spent with those who exist chiefly because of their spiritual freedom from the study of mere facts. All this may sound a little abstract; but, unfortunately for the sake of peace, it is translatable into very concrete history. There are a thousand things connected with the Museum of Natural History in which the learned clerk is not likely to take much interest. For the sake of argument, take the expeditions which have been organised during the last few years and the latest of which is making preparations for the exploration of New Guinea. The exploration promises to be of the very highest importance to the scientific naturalist, as the country to be examined has yielded traces of at least one huge animal of which no specimen has yet been obtained, although its spoor has been examined and some idea obtained of its appearance. Suppose, however, a student were roused from his examinations of the text of some ancient Greek play to give his opinion as to the advisability of encouraging expense rendered necessary by such an adventure. Is it fair to him to expect that he could possibly weigh up the advantages and disadvantages? Were the exploration intended to find out as much as possible about ancient Troy, the enthusiasm of the scholar no doubt would be roused; but when it is a question of the fauna or the geology of a district, it is entirely out of his province.

We take this merely as an illustration of what might occur at any moment. The Director of the Museum might conceivably bring forth a scientific project at any time. If he did not do so frequently he would scarcely justify his selection for the position he holds. But is it not absurd that before he can carry it out it must receive the approval of one whose research lies in an entirely different direction? The proposition only needs stating to show its absurdity. We are aware that it may be contended that, theoretically, the Director has a free hand. But he does not seem himself to think so, and as far as we can learn, men of science are all of one opinion in regard to the matter. It would, therefore, seem to be very wise policy at the present moment to dissociate the one entirely from the other, or, at all events, to leave only that connection which is supplied by their being under the same trustees. The officials must inevitably differ in kind and character, and to bring them into official relationship is only to court that dissatisfaction in the face of which it is very difficult to perform good work.

### Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Evelyn Cotterell and her son. Lady Evelyn Cotterell is a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and her marriage to Sir John Richard Geers Cotterell of Garnons, Herefordshire, fourth Baronet, took place in 1896.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY



## • NOTES •

**K**ING MANOEL'S visit to England would have been under any circumstances a noteworthy event, but it was the opportunity of a lifetime to witness the opening of the great debate in the House of Lords. This is certain to go down to future generations as an important piece of history, and it must be admitted that the speakers on both sides rose to the occasion. The House of Lords, whatever may be its merits or its demerits, has a very fine sense of dignity. In all its usages and ceremonials it avoids the merely ostentatious and pompous. The tone of the debates, too, is beyond reproach. In a serene atmosphere, and almost entirely without heat or temper on either side, the merits of the proposals submitted to the House of Lords are gone into with a vigour that is none the less intense because of its restraint. This view of it is almost certain to have appealed to a distinguished stranger who could not be expected to have a detailed knowledge of the ins and outs of British politics, and who is in no wise called upon to pass judgment upon the action taken by the House of Lords at the present moment.

We are glad to know that energetic steps are being taken to prevent the view of Windsor Castle as seen from the river near Brocas Clump and from the Great Western Railway bridge from being destroyed. There is no need to dwell on the dignity and beauty of Windsor. This depends, as far as this view is concerned, upon the existence of some sloping pasture land on which are several fine trees. This land is separated from the river by Barry Avenue and from the Alexandria Gardens by Goswell Road. The fields have recently changed hands, and preparations are being made to build upon them. Were the building scheme carried out, a number of small houses would be substituted for the rich foliage of the trees which at present occupy the centre of the picture. If the trees were destroyed, the railway-station and gasworks would be exposed to view, while they are now, to some extent, concealed by them. The National Trust has secured the opportunity of purchasing the land, and ought to find no difficulty in raising the three thousand pounds required for the purpose. Nearly a third of it has been already promised. The King himself heads the list with five hundred pounds.

The wise and temperate article by Professor W. J. Simpson which appears in another part of the paper deserves close attention. It would be idle to deny that the prospect of a new Milk Bill is one that is by no means altogether pleasant to the average dairy farmer, who thinks that already he has a great deal of interference to put up with. On the other hand, we have always found that when a case is made out the dairy farmer is willing to conform to any regulation that is distinctly shown to be for the good of the community. Professor Simpson is chiefly known for the splendid work he has done for the School of Tropical Medicine and writes with much knowledge and authority. Since he gave evidence before the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes and advocated reforms which virtually stamped out typhoid fever in Aberdeen he has made many investigations into the causes of disease. In 1884 he visited Egypt to study the outbreak of cholera there, and he was able to trace the disease to

water contaminated by pilgrims. Next, in Calcutta, he showed that infected milk was an important agent in disseminating cholera. In 1888 he was in Australia, and was able to show that the typhoid fever in Melbourne was due to contaminated water. These are but a few of his investigations. He has enquired into the cause of plague in Hong Kong, and reported on the sanitation of Penang; and as late as last year he visited the Gold Coast to deal with the outbreak of plague and at the same time to report on the sanitary conditions prevailing in Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast and Southern Nigeria.

With such a record it is safe to draw attention to what Professor Simpson says on the connection between milk and disease. Many of his statements are more than a little alarming, but we have to remember that if disease is to be got rid of it must be faced. Milk is a very receptive fluid, and absorbs the germs of disease very readily when brought in contact with them. It can also convey to human consumers the bacteria of any disease from which the cow is suffering. The gist of Professor Simpson's article, of course, is to prepare the way for a Milk Bill which will replace the adopted bye-laws. He tells us that "the conditions in many places all over the country are such as to be a danger to the health of those who drink milk." With the particular disease of tuberculosis we hope that he will deal in a succeeding article.

### WHILE THE WORLD SLEEPS.

When the moon comes creeping over the hill,  
And the weary work-a-day world is still,  
Then the Faeries frolic, and laugh, and sing,  
And they dance, and whirl around in a ring,  
When the moon comes creeping over the hill.  
Where the forest of waving brackens grow,  
There the Faeries gambol and puff-balls throw:  
And a marvellous mystic game they play,  
While the moonlit hours go flying away,  
Where the forest of waving brackens grow.  
There the wind plays fiddler, up in the trees,  
And the man in the moon, he rides at ease;  
But he watches the dance, he loves so well,  
And he hears the sweet campanula bell,  
And the wind play fiddler, up in the trees.  
There the firefly bright does the linkman's part,  
In the woodland ways that delight his heart;  
So it falls, when the Faery lovers stray,  
And forget the time, and forget the way,  
That the firefly bright does the linkman's part.  
While the world lies sleeping, and man in bed,  
Then the Faery Bride and her Groom are wed:  
To the strain of a wild unearthly tune,  
By the ghostly light of a waning moon,  
While the world lies sleeping, and man in bed.  
But before the buttercups open wide,  
They have bid farewell to the elfin Bride:  
They have swiftly finished the wedding cake,  
And they vanish!—just as the birds awake,  
And before the buttercups open wide.  
Where the toadstools white encircle the grass,  
There the blind incredulous mortals pass:  
But a few of the wiser children say—  
"It is here that the Little People play,  
Where the toadstools white encircle the grass."

MAUD SOPHIA STEVENSON.

We congratulate the Borough of Croydon on the result of the meeting held on Monday night. It was specially convened for the purpose of considering the Bill for powers to widen the North End. This is the scheme which threatened the Whitgift Hospital, and against which many influential societies protested. The result was that in the division twenty-five voted for the Bill and twenty-nine against it. While expressing satisfaction with the result, it is not possible to say that the opposition were inspired chiefly by an appreciation of the priceless treasure possessed by the borough in the Whitgift Hospital. At any rate, the argument by which it was achieved had a very decided financial flavour. It was pointed out that the opinion of the Church authorities and the scientific societies in the committee-room of the House of Commons, if the proceedings ever got so far, would overwhelm the Council and in the end mean a great waste of the ratepayers' money. At the same time Mr. J. O. Pelton pointed out that the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments had virtually scheduled the hospital as being most worthy of preservation. Under these circumstances it is pretty certain that a Parliamentary Committee would not have consented to its destruction. It is a good thing for the borough, therefore, that the scheme has been stifled before a great deal of expense had been incurred. Croydon has already sacrificed more than one highly interesting structure and done more than enough to have its name added to the



list of towns who have inherited fine buildings from their forefathers, and have failed in the duty of handing them on to their children. To have destroyed the Whitgift Hospital would have been to rub out a most interesting chapter of local history.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, in days of old, used to deliver a lecture every New Year's Eve on the great men who had passed away. He was then the most conspicuous exponent of the religion of Humanity. To-day he is growing wearied of the ever-increasing number of centenaries of the birth of men who lived during his own time. The tendency of centenaries is to multiply exceedingly, and unless something is done to check the practice of holding them the country is in danger of being nauseated by an excess of hero worship. Mr. Harrison's suggestion is a very practical one. It is that we should commemorate the death instead of the birth of the great man. This has common-sense in favour of it. When a child is born it differs in no respect from the others who enter into the world without sounding of trumpets and proclamation of heralds. The child is an unknown quantity. But when a man dies his work lies behind him, and if in the estimation of his contemporaries it has been a great work, there is a natural outburst of regret. Articles appear in the newspapers, speeches are made, sermons are delivered, funeral rites are observed, and the death of the great man is thus indelibly marked in the memory of those who were living at the time.

In addition to all this, the celebration of a man's death instead of his birth would give a longer space of time in which to weigh his claim to so great an honour. There are always living among us people who, during their lives, enjoy a wide notoriety, which often is mistaken for fame by the closest of their admirers. Immortality is claimed for their works at the time of death. But if the greater part of two hundred years were to elapse before the nation were called upon to put the stamp of its approval on this verdict, then there would be some likelihood of only the really great being called to mind. As the world grows older it is undoubted that the burden of things that have to be borne in mind grows enormously. There is no means of getting rid of those once great men whose real fame has passed away. Every library, for example, contains books that have served their day and generation well, but which no man reads now because they have become obsolete. Thus it grows increasingly necessary to discriminate, and we cannot help thinking that Mr. Harrison's suggestion ought to be welcomed as a move in the right direction. If it be not adopted, there appears to be no small danger of the energies of the living being continually engaged in celebrating the dead.

The Duke of Devonshire expressed a distinctly optimistic mood when presiding the other day at the luncheon held in connection with the competition of the Eastbourne and Hill District Ploughing Association, maintaining that if those who were loudest in lamenting over the ruined agriculture of the country were to see the work done by associations like that which he was addressing they might change to a brighter view. Another satisfactory statement was made lately by Lord Kenyon at the prize-giving at the Whitchurch Cheese Fair, to the effect that both the total weight of Cheshire cheese sold at the fair this year was the greatest on record, and also that the price commanded by the highest quality was equally a record. He observed that Cheshire cheese was "re-capturing the London market" at the expense of foreign kinds. All these are good and true signs of the times. Nevertheless the statement of Mr. Akers Douglas at Canterbury is no less true, though unfortunately far less good, that the land falling out of hop cultivation, as a result of the foreign competition, was very much to be regretted, and the more so because, acre for acre, the hop-field gave more employment of labour than ground under any other kind of agricultural produce.

Naturalists will be interested to see from our "Correspondence" columns that a sea-bird which was marked at the Farne Islands in the month of June has been picked up on the Coast of Portugal. The wanderings of our sea-birds are at present only guessed at, but it may be that before the season is out much may be added to the information we possess about them. Of course there is considerable difficulty in getting those who do not know our language to identify the birds. The Portuguese paper from which the extract is printed, describes the name of this journal on the ring as being "a curious inscription," and it is not at all improbable that the journalist who penned the lines had never heard of the name before. That is one reason why our correspondents who wish to aid this effort to ascertain the facts about migration should disseminate as widely as possible information about the scheme, so that sportsmen and naturalists in all parts of the world should know at once when they pick up a bird with a ring on it what the meaning of the inscription is.

Llyn Llydaw, Snowdon, has achieved a most unenviable distinction. It had during the month of October such a rain-fall as has never before been recorded in the British Isles. In Kent a fall of six inches was considered abnormal, and in the very rainy districts of Cumberland and the Highlands of Scotland anything recorded that went into two figures has always been thought worth noting. At Balquidder 14.05 inches fell and on Plinlimmon 14.20 inches. These high totals were completely beaten by Seathwaite, Borrowdale, with 21.4 inches, and by Styne in Cumberland with 30.50 inches. But the fall on Snowdon reached the extraordinary total of fifty-six and a-half inches, beating all previous falls that have found a place in meteorological records. We are glad that it was Snowdon that received this distinction, and not one of the agricultural counties. A flood on a Welsh mountain is likely to do less damage than one on a fertile English plain.

#### NORAH WITH HER CREEL OF TURF.

Norah with her creel of turf  
Down the moor comes singin',  
O'er her head with plaintive pipe  
Lonesome plover's wingin',  
Sunshine's on the path she takes,  
Shadows lie behind her,  
Soft winds ring the heather bells  
In their haste to find her.

Norah with her creel of turf,  
With her song of gladness,  
Fills the moor with sudden mirth,  
Chases far all sadness,  
Steps by pale bog-myrtle bloom  
With a young deer's fleetness,  
Calls my heart with voice of gold  
Just to share her sweetness.

Norah with her creel of turf  
Brown for winter's blazin'  
'Mong the boys might take her choice  
But, with smile amazin',  
Puts the squireens gently by,  
Soft-voic'd, bids me tarry,  
Tells me take the creel of turf  
'Gainst the day we marry.

AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

Never were the merits of an agricultural life more epigrammatically set forth than in an article which appeared recently in *Le Petit Journal*. It was "La Pain Assuré!" (certain bread). Other callings may hold out great inducements in the way of wages, but the countryman has this advantage over many others—that he can always find something to eat. It is almost impossible for starvation to come to the small holder. The text of the article in question was the report of an enquiry that has been instituted by the Minister of Agriculture into the condition of the extension of small holdings in France. On the whole they are growing in number, though in thirteen departments they are showing a decrease, namely, in Hautes Alpes, Ardèche, Aube, Côte d'Or, Eure, Jura, Lozère, Haute Marne, Meuse, Nièvre, Oise and Seine. The area occupied by small holdings has been augmented in fifty-two departments and shows a diminution in only five, while in nineteen it is stationary. The general conclusion arrived at in France is very much the same as follows from an enquiry in Great Britain. Small holdings succeed very well where the soil and conditions are favourable. On light or poor soil, or in a district inconvenient for marketing, there is no livelihood to be made from them.

Some of the questions put by the French Agricultural Department demand answers that appear to us to be too definite. Take this one, for an example: "Is the small holding inferior, equal or superior to the larger holding in regard to production and economy?" We should have imagined this to be a point on which it was impossible to speak dogmatically. As a matter of fact, it is in many cases the holder, not the holding, who makes the fortune. One sort of man will do badly under any conditions, and another will do well in the face of the greatest obstacles. Very interesting, however, is the question, "Do small owners, métayers and agricultural labourers buy land?" The answer was affirmative as regards small owners in fifty-six departments. As to the métayers, they buy land in thirty-four departments, and the agricultural labourers have bought land in twenty-six departments. In the other departments the situation is described as stationary.

We hear increasingly favourable accounts of the good that is effected in the character and conduct of boys by the discipline and the ideals that are cultivated in the curriculum of fitting them to be Boy Scouts. The idea of the discipline is admirable; but apart from that, and above it, there is a kind of chivalry inculcated that is not at all the worse for being not altogether modern. The notion that one kind action a day should be performed, that no day should pass without one act of unselfishness



to be recorded, is excellent both for the sake of that one daily kindness itself, and also, far more, for the habit of mind to which it tends—the habit to think not only for himself, but also, even though it be but a little, for someone else. It is not a habit that comes very naturally to the human boy, whom Plato has described as the most savage of all beasts; but it is obviously one that can be cultivated in him, as indeed can every other, if he be but caught young enough. Besides the more material lessons that have their value, the Boy Scout is also taught the worth and use of co-operation, of support and dependence. It all tends to make him a social being.

At a recent meeting of the East Sussex County Council, one of the councillors drew attention to the claims of a certain section of the public which perhaps does not receive the consideration that is its due on the country roads—the harmless necessary pedestrian. He stated that large sums had been spent in improving the roads generally, cutting off dangerous corners—in which they had been met in a spirit of great liberality by the local landowners—and that no less than two thousand pounds had been expended within a short period in substituting granite for flints, in order to improve the surface. All this was to the good in the interests of the motorists, the cyclists and the horse traffic; but the pedestrian had not only received no attention, his case

was even worse than before in consequence of the road-sweepings, stone deposits and open water drains on the edges of the roads, constituting a real danger to pedestrians after dusk when they stepped aside to avoid the wheeled traffic. It is a point which has been little considered hitherto, and certainly demands the attention of the authorities in many districts.

There was much of popular interest in the papers read before the latest meeting, the first for the season, of the Royal Meteorological Society. Mr. Cave and Mr. Marriott gave an account of observations separately noted at high altitudes by recording instruments attached to balloons. The former mentioned that the best moment for observing pilot balloons was just at sunset, when the sky was becoming light, but the balloon shone out as it received the full rays of the sun. The rate of the balloon's ascent was found to vary considerably near the earth, but to be very much more uniform in the higher strata of the air. A similar general conclusion as to the more stable conditions prevailing in the upper strata of the atmosphere is to be inferred from Mr. Marriott's experiments on the temperature, indicating that it decreased rather uniformly up to a height between five and six miles, from which point it increased a little and kept nearly level at that slightly higher mark up to the highest point, about twelve miles, which the balloons reached.

## PASSING THE WINTER.

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
No comfortable feel in any member—  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—  
November!

**I**F Tom Hood had lived in our colony, his comic muse would have found endless material. Ours is a rural district, colonised from London. It cannot be called fashionable, yet it is too far out for the clerk and the shopkeeper. The first-class season tickets far outnumber the third. Yet there are exceptions. One of our neighbours has a station omnibus and a

carriage, as well as two motors; another misses no opportunity of buying land, and several have motors, so that they cannot be fairly described as poor. When they began to descend on this quarter about fifteen years ago, the quiet, but doubting, villagers did not reckon they would stay. It seemed as though they were content to do nothing but sleep in the country, since they started for town at eight in the morning and did not return until half-past seven or later at night. But they proved to be a persistent race. A few returned to the suburbs and easy reach of their offices, but more crowded into their places. The first-comers



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

WINTER'S FIRST SALLY.

Copyright.



*"WHEN THE NORTH WIND BLOWS, AND THE DOORS ARE SHUT."*

were the luckiest. In the district a process of consolidating small farms into one tenancy had been going on, and the farmer, living in the most central of his houses, was content to let the others to his farm labourers. This was the temptation. Rent in the country was so small. It was possible to obtain an old-fashioned brick building with open fireplaces and gables for twenty-five pounds a year. With the run on houses, rents rose, and when a good class of tenant made his appearance efforts were made to suit his requirements. These soon became very definite. A house that primarily was to be "quaint" had to be fitted up with modern requirements. The pioneers, out

of their zeal for the open air, had been content to rough it, to make the best of antiquated kitchens and primitive sanitary arrangements, to do without a bath, and even to carry their own water, or use that from the rain-water tank. Others, richer and more imperious, came along demanding the comfort of the suburban villa in their rural surroundings, and obtained what they wanted because they were willing and ready to pay. Much was the lover of old houses dismayed by the changes made. The house of five gables, a beautiful piece of antiquity, was "improved" by the addition of a hideous square-shaped annex for servants' bedrooms. It was roofed with slate to contrast with the mossy and



*W. A. J. Hemley.*

*IN THE MORNING MIST.*

Copyright.



*H. Mills.*

*A NOVEMBER SUNSET.*

Copyright.



age-worn tiles on the original building. Another beautiful little farmhouse was spoilt by building what the owner calls "wings" on to it. They exactly resemble a pair of suburban villas standing one on each side and forming part of a Queen Anne small residence. Later arrivals still purchased land and built upon it, the majority doing so regardless of architectural appearance. One or two pretty or tasteful buildings have, indeed, been erected, but it has to be noticed that the owners of these have evinced a very retiring disposition. They have chosen the most secluded and out-of-the-way sites, and have, where possible, availed themselves of screens of trees. But they are the exception. The rule was that trees were felled to open out the prospect, and the lofty, gaunt new houses, in the grandeur of their red bricks and balconies, stare at each other over bare spaces. No house is empty. Let a tenant die or go away, and there is a

addicted to brawling and drunkenness. Poaching and horse-dealing were subsidiary occupations. To-day, if a colonist evinces a desire to possess a dog or a pony, or, indeed, any live farm animal—pigs, chickens, rabbits, goats—the natives gather to him as vultures to a carcass. And for simple country-folk they have an extraordinary skill in making an old horse look young and handsome. "Don't you think that a bargain at fifteen pounds?" exclaimed a happy townsman of a singular-looking and rat-like pony he had bought. It ran along the road fast enough, and no doubt was a good little horse in its way; but the first fault discovered by its new owner was that no whip could get it past any of the public-houses on the main road, or, indeed, on any of the bye-roads. Force only made it jib. This roused a spirit of enquiry, and there came revelations about the age of the pony. One stolid countryman said it did that with the butcher.

Another revealed its proceedings with the baker; and a third vowed that he remembered it stopping fifteen years ago when it belonged to a plasterer "given to the drink." Eventually this pony was sold back to the man it was bought from for a couple of pounds, and that with the harness thrown in.

Our colonists are all very keen on live-stock, but their skill is not equal to their enthusiasm. At the present moment one of them, who has made poultry his hobby, is in possession of two hundred and fifty pullets, and does not get an egg from them in a week, while a poor widow living close to his gate is obtaining an average of fourteen a week from four laying hens. "If I was eggs I could sell myself," is her way of expressing the demand for eggs. You may depend upon it she does her feeding cheaply, while her rich neighbour runs up endless bills for chicken food. There is a sad uniformity about the history of animals that do splendidly at the cottage and prove the most useless and expensive of toys at the villa. Even the goat—but that would lead to a long digression. A motor-car is not an animal, but it seems to possess one or two characteristics that might have been inherited from its living predecessor. At any rate, it is more expensive to keep than a cow, as the cottagers have it. One of our neighbours is so sick of repairs and breakdowns that he dare scarcely in summer even take it for a run of a mile, and during winter he gets his enjoyment by taking friends to survey it, and giving his Saturdays to oiling and cleaning it. These are some of the failures encountered, but they are probably not so dismaying as the failures of those who have tried to set up as landlords! Town training is of no use for this; but perhaps another day we may try to deal sympathetically with those whose ambition in this respect has been foiled.

Let us return to the original theme, which probably by this time the reader has forgotten. It was a speculation as to the manner in which our population will pass the winter. There is no denying the fact that this year has tried the patience of the townsman in the country more than any experience that has gone before. He does not know, because his knowledge of country life is limited, that for many years back the seasons have been exceptionally fine, summers not unduly wet, and winters so mild that since 1894-95 they have not produced a serious and long-continued snowstorm. But this year has reproduced the worst conditions. Rain, rain, rain has been the round day after day, with only fugitive gleams of sunshine between the storms, and now comes November. The

land is already so cold with the continuous soaking of rain it has sponged up that it may be trusted to attract the frost and retain the snow. Country cottages and dwellings are equally cold. Water oozes from the walls and drips from the roofs, till damp reigns from cellar to attic. Withal, the weather-lorist pops up with his incontrovertible proverb to the effect that November snows melt in April. At this moment the northern sky is full of snow, waiting for the northern wind to carry it forth and lay it on our gardens and common and doorstep.

Still the colonist must keep his hours. Shivering he jumps into his eight o'clock train, shivering he waits at the junction and at night returns colder than ever. Yet he is debarred from taking the exercise that keeps him in health for the greater part of the year. There is nothing for him to do in the garden, since only once a week is he able to see it, his



H. Mills.

"NO WARMTH, NO CHEERFULNESS."

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thrang of applicants for his place. Even the cottages of the labourers are besieged. At first this was under a week-ending pretext, but there are no week-enders now. Those who come remain, and are added to the thrang of season-ticket-holders. Next to the house in importance comes the glebe. It may be only a meadow of two or three acres in the case of those of modest income, or it may be a pleasure farm or, in the language of the colony, a "farmery," in that of the more ambitious. But the bit of land is the glory of the tenant. To own a pony and a governess-cart, or even a donkey and a donkey-chaise, is felt to be a great addition to dignity. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and a horse-coping element in the native population has reaped a good harvest out of this sentiment. Long ago, when the village was still rural and secluded, its inhabitants were mostly drovers who conveyed cattle to and from the London markets, and were at that time more than a little

going out being at dawn, and his coming in at dark. The man whom he employs says it is useless to attempt even to put in bulbs in this weather. His favourite game is golf, but golf is not very attractive with a north-west wind blowing, and becomes impossible when the snow is on the ground. Driving is a positive danger when there is ice on the ground and an inexperienced hand at the reins. All these outdoor avenues of amusement are closed, and indoor ones cannot be very easily carried on. They resolve themselves very largely into

bridge. But even if there does not come satiety of this game there is a difficulty in finding people to play it. The country is not like London, where the useful taxi or hansom conveys you from one door to another without much discomfort. Even with all the resources of civilisation at our disposal, the winter evenings are apt to hang heavily in the country. One would think that some of the migrants would long for music-halls and theatres, even as the migrating Israelites looked back to the flesh-pots of Egypt.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

### BRITISH BEET SUGAR.

OVER forty years ago a beet-sugar factory was started at Lavenham in Suffolk. It was not, however, a complete sugar factory, because the syrup was only extracted and then sent away to be made into sugar. The undertaking failed for two very good reasons, and in so doing, the difficulties attending future attempts were rendered much greater by scaring away capital from the industry. At that time bounty-fed imported sugar was such a stumbling-block that it was hopeless to expect success; and even had it been removed, the omission to provide a sufficient supply of roots would alone have foredoomed the attempt to failure. It was but a small scheme after all, but quite sufficient to "give the dog a bad name" and thus postpone for many years any serious and business-like attempt to build up a new development of British agriculture. Since that time circumstances have entirely changed. In 1902 the Brussels Convention abolished the bounties. Foreign sugar imported into this country pays a duty of one shilling and tenpence per hundredweight, while at present there is no duty on British-grown sugar, though there might be if such a thing were in existence.

Even if one were imposed, it is scarcely imaginable that any Government would tax a native industry more heavily than the foreigner, and if British makers had to pay one shilling and tenpence per hundredweight for Excise duty, they would even then be on equal terms with Germany. It is stated that the profits of German factories are large, and that they have paid dividends of 12 per cent. and 15 per cent.; but as to the truth of this I cannot speak positively. Sugar produced at home would at least have the advantage of the proximity of the market, without the cost of oversea delivery, and it is difficult to see why, if Germany and Holland can send us sugar at a good profit, we could not make a greater one by producing our own, provided only that soil and climate are found to be adapted equally with those of the Continent for the growth of roots of good quality.

On this point there seems no doubt at all, for repeated experiments have been carried out in various parts of the country which have conclusively settled that question. In Lincolnshire, under the auspices of the Midland Agricultural College, from eighteen to twenty tons per acre were grown, containing percentages of sugar of 15.68 to 15.84. Six gentlemen in Suffolk grew from fourteen to twenty-five tons per acre, with sugar ranging up to 19.4 per cent., and Lord Denbigh in Warwickshire, in six years of trial, grew fifteen to twenty tons of roots, containing 16 to 18.4 per cent. of sugar. Both in weight of roots and richness in sugar these results are admitted to be quite as good as the average obtained in Germany. We paid to Germany in 1908 over twenty millions sterling for sugar—a nice little sum, which, so far as one can see, might just as well go into the pockets of British farmers and those employed in the manufacture of their beet into sugar.

The next attempt will probably be made in Lincolnshire, where, it appears, the farmers are quite prepared to grow the roots if the capital can be found to start a factory. To put the matter on a safe basis, what seems to be required is an undertaking from the leaders of both political parties that, in the event of the proposed new industry proving successful, it shall not be cramped by some Chancellor of the Exchequer in need of funds imposing a heavy Excise duty. Such an undertaking once obtained, capital would be forthcoming and one flourishing factory would be followed by others springing up in all parts of the country. Mangolds will grow almost anywhere, and beet can be cultivated with equal ease, though, of course, the percentage of sugar will vary according to soil and cultivation. I am told that in Germany the sugar-makers get six pounds ten shillings per ton for the residue of the beet after most of the sugar has been extracted, as it is found to be an excellent food for stock. From every point of view it would seem that the time has come for someone to move in this matter, which embraces so many possibilities. A new and profitable crop is just what our agriculture

requires, and it is certainly one which would provide a vast amount of employment both in the field and in the factory.

A. T. MATTHEWS.

### NORWICH FAT-CATTLE SHOW.

THIS important show, which is always held about the middle of November, is regarded as the first of the four agricultural test matches, the other three being fought out at Birmingham, Edinburgh and London. County matches will soon be held in nearly every large cattle market, but it is only the most prominent cattle feeders who compete at the large fat-stock exhibitions. Many persons imagine that the man with the longest purse is bound to win the champion honours at fat-stock shows, and that it is merely a question of employing a competent judge of cattle to secure the best animals regardless of cost, and feeding these costly farmstock with an unlimited amount of cake and artificial foods. Of course, if one wishes to win it is useless to start with inferior animals; and tenant farmers who sell young steers for from forty pounds to one hundred pounds to rich agriculturists do not complain of the latter's laudable ambition to shine in one show-ring. However good the animal may be at the initial stage of the showyard preparation, simply shutting it up in a loose box and stuffing it until it is fat will not secure a prize. The skilful manner in which the champion beast at Norwich last week had been fed and treated was remarkable. This cross-bred heifer, Danesfield Rose, bred and owned by Mr. R. W. Hudson, won, I believe, the junior championship at Birmingham last year, and was, I know, second in her class at Smithfield. Many keen judges thought this heifer unsuitable to "carry on" for showing another year after so much forcing; but at Norwich Danesfield Rose was level and firm in flesh, excepting for a little superfluous fat at the tail end, and only an exceptionally clever feeder and a careful man could have brought her out a second year in such excellent showyard trim.

The Norwich Show of 1909 will be remembered as an occasion when exhibits from H.M. the King's Sandringham farm were very successful, two firsts and three seconds with shorthorns, a special prize for the best beast bred and fed in Norfolk, a first and second prize for Dexters, premier honours for Southdown shearing wethers and third for lambs falling to His Majesty's share. Mr. R. W. Hudson, as well as winning the championship, was also reserved for the blue ribbon with his Aberdeen-Angus steer, Tochnical Style, which secured the special prize for the best steer in the show; this is a grand, lengthy beast, slightly heavier than his stall companion, exceptionally firm in flesh, but inclined to be coarse at the shoulder point. Many onlookers thought this steer would beat the heifer. Mr. Martinez de Hoz was unlucky in meeting Mr. Hudson's champions, as he had to be contented with second prizes in both classes with his very smart cross-bred heifer, Little Lady, and with his Aberdeen-Angus steer, Alistair. The third prize cross-bred heifer was the blue-grey Edzell Bluebell, Edinburgh's champion last year. The sheep classes were far better than usual, and the feature of this section of the show was the strong exhibit of Southdown wether lambs; these were all well grown and of good quality and the entries numbered thirteen. First and second prizes in this class went to Mr. Adenue's Babraham flock. This breeder's lambs were afterwards awarded the special prize for the best lambs in the show and were placed reserve for the championship, which, as the judges failed to agree, was given by the umpire to a firm-fleshed typical pen of Suffolk shearing wethers, owned by Mr. Herbert Smith. Mr. J. Flower's first prize pen of Hampshire wethers were greatly admired, as were the cross-bred lambs, the first prize going to Mrs. Montefiore's pen, a Hampshire-Southdown cross, and the second and reserve to Mr. A. C. Hall's Southdown and Suffolk cross. The exhibit of pigs was a small one, but of excellent quality.

W.

### A BAD CIDER YEAR.

Throughout the West all cider-makers are agreed that this year is likely to provide one of the poorest vintages known for many years. Analysis of the fruit shows a great deficiency of sugar, and the farm labourer at the press misses that stickiness so intimately associated with good cider. The absence of sunshine would account for this. Those who have specially thin cider would do well to add a few pounds of best cane sugar to the juice as it flows from the press, so that it becomes thoroughly incorporated with it before it is put into the cask for fermentation. In ordinary years such a method of procedure is not called for. But it will be far better to produce a palatable beverage than an acrid one. It is not advisable to add sugar after the cider has once fermented, as often this sets the few remaining yeasts at work again, and then the latter stage of that cider is worse than the first. An old-time practice was to put burnt sugar in the cask. This gave colour, but always imparted a burnt flavour, though, by many, burnt sugar is supposed to have a tendency to prevent fermentation, and it is also supposed to have a disinfecting action in the sickroom. Apples, particularly those that have been stored for winter use, are rotting, as ordinary decay hardly accounts for the rapidity with which so-called keeping apples go off this year.

E. W.



*M. Arkuthnot.*

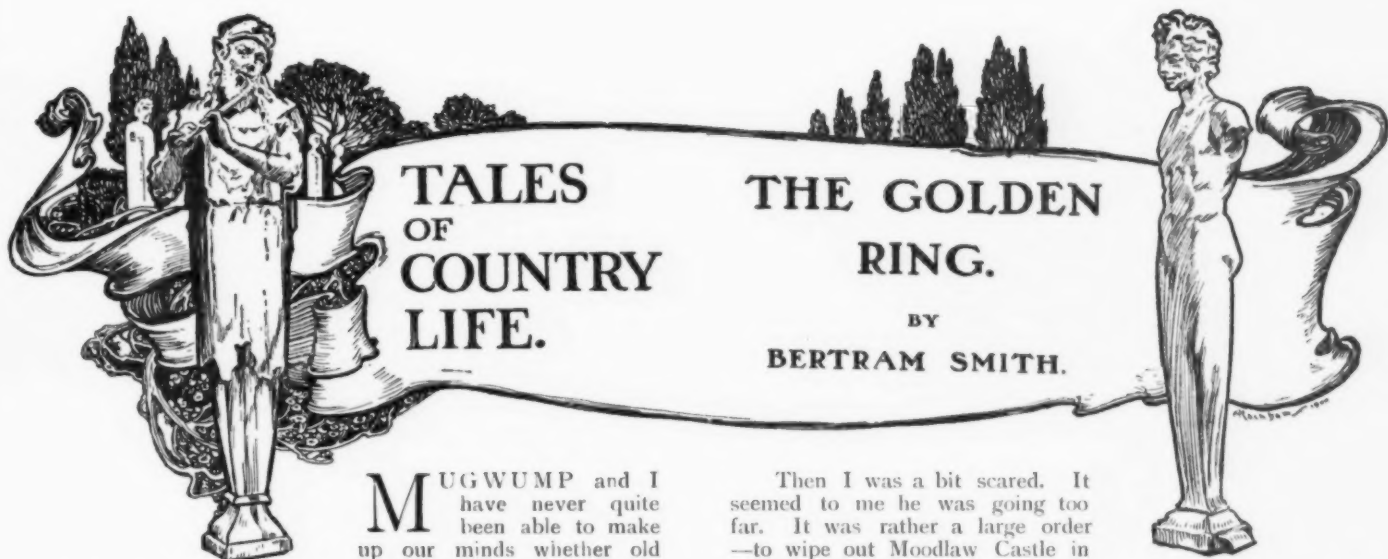
*AN EVENING SILHOUETTE.*

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## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE GOLDEN RING.

BY  
BERTRAM SMITH.

**M**UGWUMP and I have never quite been able to make up our minds whether old Drinkwater had come to the conclusion that he was slightly off his head when he kept him at school over Christmas. If he had it was not at all to be wondered at, for the Mugwump's extraordinary genius for explaining things used to get him into queer places sometimes. I remember him telling me that there was positively nothing he could not explain if you gave him a quarter of an hour to collect his thoughts. He was frightfully sick when people would not listen to his explanations.

Ever since his firework display on the Fifth of November in one of the dormitories, Mugwump had been keeping very quiet, and spent most of his time in the library messing among books. He was in a slack, stodgy frame of mind, and I was rather annoyed at him. But I must admit that he made a jolly important discovery at last. He came to me jumping with excitement.

"By Jove, Scrunt," he said. "I've struck the best thing you ever heard of in all your born life."

"What is it?" said I.

"It's a yarn about Moodlaw Castle, and it must be true, because I got it in a book."

Moodlaw Castle was generally considered quite the likeliest place in the neighbourhood for owls' nests. It was jolly famous, too, and had a tremendous history, and all that sort of thing. I am not much of a judge myself, but I should say that it certainly was quite a good thing in ruins.

He fished a little old brown book out of his pocket, very grubby and printed in the rummest sort of letters. It was called "Annals and Legends" of something or other, and it must have been awfully old because of the spelling, which, to say the least, was queer. I could make nothing of it, but Mugwump said it was quite easy if you turned all the F's into S's, which, I suppose, must have been the key, or something of that sort. The castle was spelt "Modlawe," but it must have been the same place. And then Mugwump made me swear never to tell a living soul, and read me the bit about the ring. It was jolly rum, but there did not seem to be any doubt about it. The story was that when the castle was built a "great ring of pure gold" was let into the central stone of the roof of the hall, there to hang for ever as long as the castle should stand, and the point was that if this ring should fall from its place the castle would come down.

"Golly!" said the Mugwump. "What do you think of that?"

"Don't believe it," said I. "I don't see why it should come down. The ring can't keep it up."

Then the Mugwump swore I was an ignorant ass, and asked me if I had ever heard of the keystone of an arch, which I had not, and declared that it was just the same principle, and any fool could see that it was true. So at last he persuaded me.

"Well, it's jolly interesting," said I. "But I don't see how the ring can be there now. Someone is sure to have bagged it. It would be worth a lot."

"You purblind fat-head!" said the Mugwump. "Of course it is there. It must be there."

"Why?" said I.

"Why, because if it wasn't the castle wouldn't be there. It would have come down."

I had to admit that he had me that time. I had not thought of that.

"Well, what are you going to do?" I went on. It seemed to me that we had got hold of a pretty important fact, and something ought to be done.

"Why," said Mugwump, in a sort of contemptuous way of his, "there's only one thing to be done. Knock it down."

Then I was a bit scared. It seemed to me he was going too far. It was rather a large order—to wipe out Moodlaw Castle in that way.

"That's all very fine," I said. "But it's probably a jolly bad crime, a felony or something, bringing down castles that don't belong to you." I could see that he thought I was a funk, so I tried to stump him. "Besides," I said, "it's no use talking about knocking down the ring. You can't get at it."

"We can shoot it," he said.

I can tell you I was getting jolly uncomfortable. I did not want to desert the Mugwump, but it seemed to me he was going pretty deep in this time. I tried to reason with him.

"But what's the use?" I said. "If you get the ring, I don't suppose you could sell it easily; and besides, you never will get it, because it will be under the ruins."

"I don't want the ring," he said. "I want the grand smash. I want the glory."

Then he said that he could see that I was not keen about it, and he had made up his mind to go on with it alone, but I must swear not to tell anyone.

He went at it in the most determined sort of way, and I really could not help admiring him. For he was a tremendous chap—the Mugwump—when he had anything important in hand. He went to explore that very afternoon, and altogether he must have visited the castle four or five times before the end of the term. And I used to sit at home and wonder if we would hear the crash at St. Oggs, though, as a matter of fact, it was rather too far away. You could see the castle from the tower in the schoolhouse, and on the afternoons when the Mugwump was at work I used to go up there about every half-hour to find out if it was still there. And when he got back he used to tell me his adventures. He had very little time to spare the first day, but he found the ring; at least, he swore it was there. I asked him if it was gold.

"Well," he said, in a doubtful sort of voice, "it looks rather like old iron. But I expect it must be rusty by this time. Anyhow, the main thing is that there is a ring. It's bound to be gold."

The second time he spent a whole afternoon heaving rocks at it, but without success. "It's a long shot, you know," he said, "and besides that, it's very dark up there. I hit it once or twice. It waggled." Then he tried a catty, and an air-gun, but it was no use.

I began to think that the Mugwump was not going to make much of a job of it, for it was getting near the end of the term, and he had only one more afternoon. But this time he managed to borrow a rook-rifle, and went off full of beans. He was rather dejected when he got back. For one thing he had been caught out of bounds and licked for it, without any opportunity of explaining. I asked him what had gone wrong.

"I couldn't hit the beastly thing," he admitted. "I had only a dozen cartridges, and I'm certain the sights of that rotten rifle are all wrong. What we want, Scrunt, is a shot-gun. You must come with me this time, and we'll try the last afternoon of term, when most of the chaps have gone."

"But don't you have to go early?" I asked. "Aren't your people in France?"

"Can't help that. I'll be home for Christmas if I get the night train. And I can't possibly go home with this thing on my mind. It has to be done."

We got the shot-gun, from a shop in the town, and took fifty cartridges. We were pretty late in getting away, but no one saw us, and at last we reached the castle about three in the afternoon. Mugwump was wild with excitement, and would hardly wait to take breath before going inside. Of course, he had been working for this thing most of the term, and he felt that it was going to come off at last. I must say it was jolly



dark inside. I could not see any ring, but he seemed to know exactly where it was. He crammed a couple of cartridges into the gun and took his stand near the door, which was a sort of ivy-grown opening about five feet high. It was the only way into the castle.

"Hold on," I said, for the Mugwump did seem to be in a blazing hurry. "You'll have to clear out jolly quick, you know—simply scoot."

I took good care to have nothing more than my head inside when he fired, and then in a moment we charged over the stones on to the bank outside. It had been a terrific explosion, and I was very much surprised to find the castle still there when I looked round. But I suppose it was only the gun sounding loud in that close place.

We waited—simply quaking. At last Mugwump spoke.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Nothing," said I.

"Thought I heard a sort of rumbling. I guess I must have missed her after all." He began to move slowly back to the door, and I followed. As soon as we had looked inside and found that all was quiet, Mugwump put in another cartridge. He had a sort of determined look this time.

"I'm going to give her both barrels," he said, "and I'm not going to run till the ring comes down. There's lots of time."

Then he fired and—down it came. We both saw it quite distinctly, dropping in the centre of the floor. Though I must admit quite candidly that I would never have believed it to be solid gold if I had not known that it was. As it happened, neither of us ever had a chance of picking it up. We really were in a blue funk this time and we never pulled up till we were at a safe distance.

"Stop your ears," said the Mugwump, in a queer sort of muffled voice, and we dropped on the ground in a heap and waited for the crash.

At that moment we heard a sound of wheels on the road just in front of us. A cab had drawn up, and almost before we could hide ourselves behind a rock I saw a sight which simply

froze my blood. I know it sounds rather a tall thing to say, but it is not the least exaggeration.

Old Drinkwater had been driving over to Pimley Station to catch the London train, when he had heard the sound of the shots, and now he was out of the cab and bearing down upon us to investigate. He passed quite close to us, and went straight for the door of the castle. You may imagine that it was pretty ghastly for us, knowing, as we did, that the crash was coming at any moment. I admit, I simply lay low; but I suddenly heard the Mugwump take a long breath and then spring to his feet.

"I can't let that man go to his death," he said.

I dare say it may sound rather rot when you read it now in cold blood, especially as the castle never did come down—there must have been some mistake about the yarn in the book after all—but you must remember that we were both simply waiting for the crash at the time, and it seems to me that it shows there were the elements of decency in the Mugwump that he should want to save old Drinkwater. If ever I saw a chap look blue with funk and green with excitement it was the Mugwump. He just hurled himself on Drinkwater and dragged him back through the door by the coat tails.

"Don't go in, sir," he spluttered. "Come away. Come away. Quick. The castle's coming down."

"What—in—the—world—do—you—mean?" said Drinkwater, very slowly.

Mugwump was fairly hopping about and wringing his hands by now.

"It's coming down," he said. "Don't you see? We've bagged the ring."

Drinkwater just took him by the shoulder and walked him back to the cab. Then he stopped and spoke to him again.

"I think, Morgan Junior," he said, "that I had better take you back in this cab. It would be wiser for you not to travel till I can find a suitable escort for you."

That was how it happened. You see, no one ever would listen to the Mugwump's explanations. BERTRAM SMITH.

## IN THE GARDEN.

NEW JAPANESE ROSES OF GREAT BEAUTY.

ONE of the most remarkable developments in the Rose world of recent years has been the introduction and rapid progress of the Japanese climbing kinds, generally known as the "wichuraianas." They have the virtue of flowering during July and August, when many of the climbing and rambling Roses are past their best, and they give to arch, pillar and pergola a wonderful beauty, not only due to the wealth of flowers that tumble over the vigorous growths, but to the rich and almost evergreen foliage. I regard this group as the most important of that comprising Roses of climbing or rambling growth—Alberic Barbier, Dorothy Perkins, Elise Robichon, François Foucard, Gardenia, Hiawatha, Jersey Beauty, Lady Gay, Manda's Triumph, Paul Trauson, Pink Roamer, René André, Sweetheart, wichuraiana and wichuraiana rubra. These need no description, as every lover of the flower should either know or grow them; but several have been introduced recently that will be seen in most gardens in the future. Fortunately, the plants have all the good qualities of the finest type of the wichuraiana race, with flowers of beautiful and decided colours. One of the most interesting is the White Dorothy Perkins, which is not a sport, but a hybrid. It has sported in several places, and that accounts for a difference in the degree of white—some clearer than others. With the great exception of colour, White Dorothy Perkins is like its famous counterpart that gives a glimmer of pink to the garden during late summer. American Pillar is one of the most beautiful Roses that I have seen, and is included in these notes as it has probably some of the wichuraiana blood in its constitution. The group at the Temple Show last May created something of a sensation. It is apparently an American Rose, though exhibited by an English firm, and is a sea of pink bloom, relieved only by a white centre, these lovely flower jewels falling in dense clusters, hiding almost the soft green foliage. As autumn approaches the hews are seen, and when these are fully ripe a brilliant red covers the plant.

Lady Godiva is an exquisite sport, the flowers of softest pink and, as in the majority of the race, borne abundantly on the vigorous stems. This was raised by an English firm; and we must thank a Frenchman for François Juranville. The flowers are exceptionally bright in colour, a warm salmon pink, passing to yellow at the base of the petals, produced in clusters, seldom more than three, and sweetly scented. The plant possesses all the attributes of a good rambling Rose—strength of growth and foliage, exquisite colouring and fragrance. It is pleasurable to know that rich scent is one of the characteristics of a

kind called Evangeline, a scent not only sweet, but powerfully so, especially in the early mornings. Its bright pink shade gleams in the cool of a summer afternoon; but care must be taken in planting it. An ordinary pillar is unavailing—the growth is too strong—Evangeline romping here, there and everywhere and requiring to be tied to something over which it can fling shoots of tremendous strength.

Also a French Rose and from the same raiser as François Juranville is Joseph Lamy, which has for one of its parents the lovely Mme. Laurette Messimy, though there is only a slight resemblance between the two, Joseph Lamy having few petals of a pink-white colour. A distinguishing feature is the length of stem. Coquina is a Rose that will live long in our gardens. It was one of the new Roses at the Temple Show last May, the flowers single and pale pink, deepening to rose at the tips. It is necessary to become thoroughly acquainted with the wichuraiana Roses and, in fact, all climbing Roses before planting them, due to the difference that exists among them in vigour of growth. It is a common supposition that they all "creep," and this impression is derived from this habit of the type wichuraiana, which is a charming Rose to cover a grassy bank or to fall over large stones in the rock garden. When ordering Roses it is wise to state for what purpose they are required, and then no mistakes will be committed in placing them where they are in harmony with their surroundings—the strong kinds for the thickest and tallest supports, and the weaker against a fence or pillar. C.

### DWARF SHRUBS FOR THE ROCK GARDEN.

THOUGH the rock garden is usually regarded as a home principally for the dwarf herbaceous plants of mountainous regions, there are many dwarf shrubs that require such a position if they are to show their quiet beauty to the greatest advantage. At this planting season it may, therefore, be of use to draw attention to a few of the shrubs that are more at home in the rock garden than in any other position. Among the Brooms we have the beautiful little *Cytisus kewensis*, with sulphur-coloured flowers, which is best planted so that its green, wiry stems can hang suspended over the face of a rock, each of these being a chain of blossoms in spring. Then there are the Rock Roses, of which there are now many varieties and so many colours to select from. Planted in a hot, sandy nook in the front of the rock garden they are perfectly at home, and will give flowers in abundance during the summer months. Of the *Daphne* or *Mezereon* two are very suitable for the rock garden, viz., *D. Cneorum*, with pink flowers, and *D. blagayana*, white flowers, both evergreen and of a trailing growth. Planted in soil containing a good proportion of sand and peat, and the trailing shoots kept pegged down to the soil, these little shrubs will not fail to flower regularly each spring. A little-known dwarf shrub for rock gardens

in warm localities is *Fuchsia procumbens*, a tiny plant not much resembling those grown in the greenhouse. It has tiny yellow flowers in early summer, these being followed later by large, sausage-shaped scarlet berries. In all but the warm South-West Counties it will need a little protection in winter. The Alpine Azalea, *A. procumbens*, is a tiny shrub seldom encountered in gardens, possibly on account of its being difficult to establish, yet it is worthy of all the care one can give it. It forms a rather dense mat of small, bright green leaves, and in spring produces its delightful little cup-like flowers freely enough, these being coral pink in colour. Peat and sand form the most suitable soil for this fastidious little shrub. Of the Junipers, without which no rock garden is complete, *Juniperus prostrata* and *J. hibernica* should be selected. The first-named is of trailing growth, and should be planted so that it can scramble over a miniature precipice, and the latter has an erect, columnar stature that lends boldness to the smallest rock garden. *Cotoneaster pyrenaica*, *Euonymus radicans*, all the dwarf-growing Heaths, the common Ling and its varieties, are all dwarf shrubs that should be planted in the rock garden.

#### UNCOMMON PLANTS FOR THE WILD GARDEN.

At this season, when the various sections of the garden are being overhauled, the wild garden must have its full share of attention. Hitherto, except in a few isolated instances, it has been customary to restrict the occupants of the wild garden to those plants of very vigorous growth; but there are now indications that something more is wanted, consequently plants of a choicer and less free-growing character are being introduced. There is a host to select from, providing due care is exercised and that the soil is well cultivated at the outset and the plants are subsequently kept free of more vigorous-growing subjects. The Flag or German Irises provide a wide range of colour to select from, and will grow in the poorest soil. Where the soil is naturally moist and close by a walk, some of the large, old-fashioned double Daisies might well be introduced. White and deep red can be had, but the old rose pink varieties are usually the most suitable. The double-flowered Buttercup (*Ranunculus acris flore-pleno*) is also a plant for a damp position, its globes of rich, golden-coloured flowers produced on erect stems, giving a wealth of colour in early summer. Two of the hardy Lady's Slipper Orchids are specially adapted for damp and somewhat sheltered nooks in the more prominent parts of the wild garden, viz., *Cypripedium Calceolus* and *C. spectabile*. The flower is really a native of this country, but is now almost, if not quite, extinct in a wild state. Most hardy-plant specialists

can, however, supply it. Soil for this plant must be good stiff loam freely impregnated with limestone. *C. spectabile* is the Moccasin-flower, and needs a damp mixture of peat, loam and sand in which to grow. A fitting companion to the last-named is the Japanese Primrose (*Primula japonica*), which produces its flowers in tiers on long, erect stems. The general colour is rosy crimson, but the flowers in different plants vary considerably. It requires the same soil and moisture as the Moccasin-flower. The many beautiful and graceful hybrid Heucheras are well adapted for the open spaces of the wild garden. Good ordinary soil is suitable, but the plants must be kept free of weeds. An unusual-looking plant for placing beside a bog or in a damp position is the beautiful striped Japanese Grass known as *Eulalia japonica variegata*; this grows from 3 ft. to 5 ft. high. The foregoing is a by no means exhaustive list, but is merely given as a suggestion to those who would like to introduce some of the choicer plants to the wild garden.

#### THE TYPES OF CLEMATIS.

We have been asked a question which may be of much interest to those who care for their gardens: "Which are the finest types or species of Clematis?" The selection should be: *C. alpina*, an April and May flowering Northern European plant which freely bears lilac or mauve flowers 2 in. across. Varieties are known with white and pink flowers. *C. campaniflora*, a Portuguese species with small white, mauve-tinted flowers barely an inch across. It is a very strong grower and suitable for the wild garden. The flowering period is from July onwards. *C. flammula* is a well-known climber, native of Europe. It is renowned for its abundance of fragrant white flowers which appear in August. The variety *rubro-marginata* has the flowers margined with red. It is a very pretty variety. *C. florida*, a native of Japan, is the parent of one of the types of garden Clematis. White and mauve varieties are numerous. The *florida* varieties blossom in May and June. They must not be pruned in spring. *C. lanuginosa* is the parent of many of the largest-flowered garden varieties which blossom from July onwards. All the varieties of this type require fairly hard pruning in February. *C. montana* is one of the most popular climbers we possess, and is represented by large specimens in most parts of the country. Its glistening white flowers are at their best during May and June. The variety *rubens* has reddish flowers and is well worth planting largely. *C. orientalis*, *patens*, *viticella* and *Jackmani* must be included.

## FIELD-MICE & THEIR NATURAL ENEMIES.

THE two commonest and best-known field-mice are the short-tailed mouse (*Microtus agrestis*), who is really a vole and closely related to the water-vole, and the long-tailed, sometimes called the wood-mouse, who is, however, a true mouse, as its delicate pointed nose, large ears and prominent eyes all testify. A glance at the accompanying photographs shows the differences clearly. The voles have blunt heads, little eyes and ears buried in their thick fur, while their short, hairy tails also distinguish them from the long-tailed mouse (*Mus sylvaticus*), whose long, hairless tail is a most useful balancing instrument and helps it to hop like a miniature kangaroo. It has, too, a nice sleek coat like the house-mouse, but of a dormouse tint, with white on its under surface; but the field-vole is clad in dark brown fur of a greyish colour beneath. Its relative, the bank-vole (*Eutamias glareolus*), who is not so common and lives in woods, is much redder and a purer white on the stomach. Now the field-vole, as its name implies, always lives in the pastures and the bottoms of the hedgerows, generally in colonies, running its burrows down into the earth and among the roots of the grass, on which it principally feeds. Its favourite bits are the delicate white stems. These it gnaws away, leaving the harder grass to dry up and form a roof to the run. These runs it drives for dozens of yards around its home, and when these little rodents are sufficiently plentiful the damage they can do is appalling. We have all heard of the vole plagues of Scotland, and how it seemed impossible to check them. Of course, several favourable seasons are required if they are to increase and multiply to an alarming extent. Their breeding-nests are generally, if not always, built

on the surface amid long grass, and are made of fine blades shredded until they resemble tow and covered with coarser ones. The young—little naked pink things—number from three up to nine or ten. Their mother packs them up so carefully that it is wonderful how she contrives to get into the nest to feed them; but she must manage it, though the doorways are closed so perfectly that it is impossible to tell where she enters. Once I found a nest containing young, and captured the old field-vole as well. I took them home, hoping to rear and tame them. The babies had reached the stage when their fur had begun to grow and their eyes to open. I placed them

in a cage with a glass front, having previously filled it with everything they could require, and sat down to watch what happened. The mother did not wait a moment, but went straight to the heap of grass and dragged forth a baby, who squeaked protests. Not heeding its cries, but getting a firmer hold, she bit it across the back of the head, killing it instantly. I thought perhaps this one had been accidentally injured; but no, returning to the



LONG-TAILED FIELD-MOUSE.

corner she brought forth another, to which she did the same. Then I interfered—I could not wait to see them all murdered—and took them into the field again. I fear she probably did the same to the rest, if she did not leave them to die of cold and starvation. Never again shall I try to rear a nest of field-voles. The number of families brought up in one year vary with good or bad seasons, but four is about the average. Some years, when the weather is cold and damp, they have a very bad time, and if hawks and owls are plentiful they become quite scarce, for when they venture forth from their underground burrows to feed and warm themselves in the sunlight,



the watchful kestrel hovering high overhead picks out with its wonderful eyes the little brown specks moving in the grass, and "like a thunder-bolt he falls" and bears away the mouse before it has even time for a squeak, and tears it to pieces on the nearest post. By night, too, there are the watchful owls; both the brown and the barn owl love the field-mice, and when the vole, running along its tortuous roads among the grass, hears the hoot ring out close at hand, its only hope is to "freeze," for the

brown owl's great dark eyes seem able to pierce the thickest and longest grass, though perfect stillness may deceive him into thinking that that red patch is a lump of earth. Should the vole move, the owl, without a sound, swoops down, picks it up in his claws and flies to the nearest branch, takes

it in his beak, one pinch of which is fatal, and with a gulp the vole has disappeared, all except the tip of its tail, and that follows with another gulp. The owl is now ready for another hunt. The short-eared owl is a great enemy as well, perhaps even greater than the brown, but then it is not so generally distributed. The long-eared owl, when it does occur, helps in the task; but better than them all are the stoat and the weasel; these



BROWN OWL WITH SHORT-TAILED VOLE.

blood-thirsty animals, who will kill merely for the sake of killing, do more than any other creature to keep down mice, and the weasel certainly ought not to be destroyed, though the stoat does so much harm in other ways that it is difficult to say another good word for it. The fox eats numbers of voles and mice, especially when larger game is scarce, and my photograph shows a tame one hunting the water-side like a cat (the fox's mode of hunting is very cat-like), ready to spring into the grass and rushes should anything move.

The long-tailed field-mouse is more of a hedgerow and corn-field inhabitant than the vole; it never makes those long burrows among the roots of the grass, but is content with holes underground, in which it breeds, though the nest can sometimes be found under a fallen tree or between the roots of an old stump. It, too, makes a warm nest of grass, and the number of young vary from three to seven. Like all mice they are at first quite blind and helpless. The long-tailed mouse does great harm to corn, beans and potatoes, etc., but not to grass. In the winter it gets into the stacks along with the house-mouse and the rats, or, if it stops in the hedgerows, lives on the hips and haws,



SHORT-TAILED FIELD-VOLES.

By the by, let me warn people who read this never, if chasing a long-tailed mouse, to try to pick it up by its tail. The long tail is the easiest part to grab at, and you think you have caught your mouse. But no; there is a horrid feeling of something slipping, the mouse drops to the ground, for its tail has skinned, the skin is in your fingers like a glove, and the mouse is scuttering away. Of course, the bone dries up and drops off in time. I have always fancied that this must save the life of many a mouse, for an owl aiming for the most prominent part would very likely secure the tail, but by leaving the skin behind the owner can get safely away. Both the long-tailed field-mouse and the short-tailed field-vole are very pugnacious and sometimes have great battles, but I do not think the mouse is ever guilty of the field-vole's habit, namely, the eating of the vanquished by the victor. A favourable season for the voles is likewise favourable for the long-tailed mouse, which is one of the reasons why a vole plague assumes such formidable proportions, for different crops are attacked by the two different species at the same time.

Though it is now pretty generally appreciated, yet it can do no harm to repeat that keepers, by destroying harmless creatures like the brown owl, the barn owl and the little owl, the kestrel, the weasel and the hedgehog, do more towards encouraging mice and voles than anything else. My reason for mentioning the hedgehog is that I believe it accounts for many a nest of young voles that mysteriously disappear. The hedgehog, like its namesake the pig, is an animal to which nothing comes amiss. Neither the voles nor the field-mouse hibernate, and in the deepest snow their funny little tracks may be seen leading from hole to hole that they have driven through the yielding substance. The field-mouse lays up some store of grain, acorns and berries for the worst times, but its friend is not so careful and depends on grass, roots, and the bark of twigs, etc. These two



KESTREL WITH LONG-TAILED MOUSE.

which, being a good climber, it has no difficulty in reaching. The deserted birds' nests it uses as "dining-room tables," where, nibbling the berries and leaving the skins, it can enjoy more peace than on the ground. It occasionally turns the dormouse out of its lovely round nest; in fact, I have several times ejected field-mice from nests they had no business to be in, and once stuck my finger into a nest only to feel a sharp pricking sensation. I thought it was a thorn, but out sprang a large field mouse.



little animals have one trait in common, their great cleanliness, for they are incessantly washing themselves. The most charming sight I know is to see a long-tailed field-mouse at its toilet; sitting up on its hind legs, it washes its face after the manner of a cat, then rubs carefully behind each ear, then on down its sleek little body, until, for it takes some time, it reaches the tail, which it rubs from the root to the very tip. Then perhaps it will seize a piece of corn and, still sitting on its hind legs, nibbles away as busily as possible. Like all the rodents, it is always gnawing, whether food, or for amusement, to keep its teeth down. Should it be frightened, it will, when the alarm is over, wash itself again as though to wash fear away. In fact, as regards cleanly habits, the field-mouse and the vole furnish an object-lesson to many human beings.

FRANCES PITT.

## THE FAMILY OF HICKS-BEACH.

WHEN Sir Michael Hicks-Beach took office in 1885 under Lord Salisbury he was renewing an old family relation.

More than three hundred years before that the first Sir Michael Hicks, the founder of his family fortunes, was serving the great Lord Burghley, the ancestor of all the Cecils. The story of Michael Hicks, his kinsmen and descendants, has now been collected by Mrs. William Hicks-Beach of Witcombe, in "A Co-sword Family" (Heinemann), and it is clear enough that Hickses and Salisbury Cecils have had, since their early meetings in the Elizabethan age, a fate in common, for it cannot be said that either house in the meantime had bred a man of distinction. Nevertheless, if we can put together a few letters and documents to illustrate it, no honestly written history of a family's continuous existence can be dull or unprofitable. Here the genealogy and commentary begin with Robert Hicks, who came out of Gloucestershire in 1538 to be a London 'prentice and a citizen free of the Ironmongers. He did not follow the trade to which he was bred, for we find him a retail mercer under the sign of the White Bear in Cheapside, his house the corner of Soper Lane, which is now widened and re-named Queen Street.

When Robert was dead his youngest son, Baptist Hicks, carried on the mercery business. Notable customers dealt with the White Bear—a scrap of writing gives us Sir Walter Raleigh stepping in after a dinner with Robert Cecil. Baptist Hicks had the order for "velvets damasks and satins of the colour crimson" to serve the crowning of James I., fourteen hundred yards of these glorious commodities being left on his hand to his "very great hurt and damage."

But Baptist Hicks dealt in other matter beside silk and taffeta. His mother, a grasping City dame whose business letters would win her the affection of any shopkeeper in Paris or Rouen, had taught him the craft of money-lending, of borrowing cheaply and lending dearly. To James I., whose sword had tapped the mercer's shoulder on the day before the Coronation, he lent sums that must have cost many a sleepless night at the White Bear. It is characteristic of the man that, in an age when most men married young, he waited until thirty-four for his prudent marriage with the daughter of another opulent citizen, a "burstling" and imperious lady. Before that happy event he had courted more than one dower, and his love-letter to a rich widow, older than himself and somewhat disdainful of the White Bear's business, is a precious example of such documents. That such a man would prosper could not be doubted. In the county where his forefathers had lived as husbandmen he bought the Campden estates. At Kensington he built himself another country house, that Old Campden House which, burnt out nearly fifty years ago, gave its name to Campden

Hill and Campden Place. A baronetcy was added to his knighthood, and in 1628 King Charles raised him to the peerage as Viscount Campden, the first man, it may be, to come to the House of Lords from a retailer's counter.

His elder brother Michael, as we have said, served Lord Burghley as secretary, and those who recall that great little man's capacity for toil cannot doubt that it was a hard service. When Burghley was dead his son Robert, the first Salisbury, inherited Michael and his pen. Michael remained a secretary all his days without other advancement than his knighthood; but a nephew's letter reporting the bid of £1,000 by a King's chaplain who desired the Salisbury Deanery suggests that there were compensations for many snubbings suffered at the Cecil hands by this dull and useful gentleman. Like his brother, he sought a rich widow, and was more fortunate in his



VOLE-HUNTING.

wooing of Mrs. Parrish of Ruckholt, an Essex manor house in Low Leyton. Like his brother, too, he bought land in Gloucestershire, a manor where a yeoman farmer was living in a corner of the Berkeleys' ancient castle of Beverstone. Witcombe, whence Mrs. Hicks-Beach sends out her book, was acquired by his widow foreclosing on a mortgage.

Note that Michael Hicks was born in 1543, Henry VIII. upon the throne. His son and heir, Sir Michael the second, a baronet in 1619, lived on until 1680. What a bridge of two lives linking the age of Hans Holbein with the age of Sir Godfrey Kneller! A melancholy man was this second Michael. His wife, a Paget, made him kinsman to Cromwellian leaders, and Sir William's sympathies were with the Parliament until it was but too clear that when the King asked subsidies the Commonwealth had its own demands on the estates of gentlemen who asked nothing better than to

live at home at peace and unassessed. In the end he seems to have come to regard himself as a loyalist who had suffered cruelly for an ungrateful cause. He sulked out his long life at Ruckholt, letting house and garden run to seed. A line in Pepys brings him to mind. This was the miserly gentleman who gave Samuel and his friends that mean dinner of pigeons and umbles of venison "all in the meanest manner that ever I did see," the man whose latchless door, blowing open, flung down the great bow pot upon his Venice glasses, doing him a crown's worth of hurt. There is a touch of him in the hard-faced portrait of his great-grandson, Sir Howe Hicks, who died in 1801, carried home on a hurdle from the spot where he had fallen from his horse in a fit brought on by cursing the men at work on his culvert. More than a touch in the letters wherein Sir Howe's father wrangles with a stepfather over the expenses of burying his mother and over

the condition of the second-hand sheets whose use could no longer be claimed by the widower.

All these things and more has Mrs. Hicks-Beach set down faithfully. Therefore we may forgive her a notable neglect of Scrooge's advice to Marley's ghost—"Don't be flowery, Jacob"—and her belief that the Black Death of 1349 "swept away Chaucer's England," the England of the Canterbury Tales, which were written nearly forty years later. Also we will excuse the curious delusion that makes these memories begin "in Saxon times," the author holding that the surname Hicks indicates a descent from "the Hwiccas, a Saxon tribe inhabiting the greater part of Gloucestershire." Whereas Hicks and Dicks, Higginses and Dickensons are all descendants, not of the Hwiccas, but of various Englishmen who, after the Conquest, bore the Christian name of Richard.

## THE HOOPMAKER.

IN the solitude of the wood was a hut, so simple in all its contrivances that from a distance it looked like the dwelling of some primitive man. Closer inspection, however, proved it to be the shed of a hoopmaker, and leaning against the lower branch of an oak tree by which it stood was his store of slender rods—the only raw material of his humble industry. Within was the man at work. Hoop-making is a winter trade; but it sometimes lasts well into the summer, until the rods become dry and too brittle to be sufficiently pliable for the purpose. This was late in the spring. All the oaks were fresh and bright, and the black buds of the ash had already burst into sprays of delicate green. The sweet little cadence of the willow-wren was to be heard on either side, and the soft cooing of unseen turtle-doves came from some distant foliage-hidden nook. Where the clearing of the copse had let in the air and light, the ground was a very firmament of primroses, now full-blown and pale; and there were patches of wild hyacinths as blue as the sky in gaps between the April clouds. Such was the pleasant home of this woodland industry seen at its best on a sunny day in May. In the north wind of December, with a fire of sticks to unfreeze the rods, or with the grey rain of February dripping from every twig, the pictures would be different.

The "hoop-house," for so it is called, was built of poles chosen from among the copsewood, with lesser poles for slanting rafters, and covered with "chips"—long shavings made in



Smith Whiting.

THE HOOP-HOUSE.

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paring the hoops to a proper thickness. These had been cast up quite loosely, and without any art at all corresponding to that of the old-fashioned small holder who thatched his little rick with sedge. To the eye of the ignorant such a roof appeared incapable of keeping out even a passing shower. The old man, for this hoopmaker had considerably passed his "dree-score," dismissed any such doubt with confidence. "Chips? Oh ay, chips be weather-tight. Why chips, in a manner o' speaken, that is to say if he had a-chanced to a-had 'em, which to be sure he never couldn' a-had, 'ood ha' made a roof for Noah's ark."

Pleased with our ready acceptance of this statement, he, as it were, asked us in and made us welcome—so welcome that I at once paced his hoop-house and found it 16ft. by 10ft. But there has to be furniture in a hoopmaker's hut and room to turn round as well. "Noo man liven can't make hoops 'ithout room. You mus' ha' a table—an' a hoss—and a pin-pwost. You've a-got to make 'em all your own self, an' put up your shed too. I do make all I do make use o', 'cept 'tis the cutten-tools—my hook, my adze, my spoke-shave an' my whimble-piece. They be all boughten tools, they be. Oh! Well, there—'tis all very handy for me own use like; but there's noo little parlour for company. Ha, ha! But I don't never get zo very much company out here. No, no. Not zo very much. Ha, ha!" He was a very genial old man, and he threw back his head and laughed. At such unexpected sound of voices a wren flew out from the roof. The little birds, naturally so shy as to their nesting, had built within the hut not more than 3ft. above the head of the hoopmaker whenever his work brought him to the table. But birds seem to have an instinctive knowledge of the harmlessness of a man well occupied. Rooks, that rise from the plenty of a newly-sown field of corn long before an approaching figure can get within gunshot, will follow the new-turned



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FITTING HOOP INSIDE GAUGE HOOP.

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furrow and circle close above the ploughman and his team. "Company! Why there's a wren's nest in the roof." "An' that's true," laughed he. "She've a-got eggs noo doubt, though I never didden gie a thought to put my vinger in to zee. They mus' be just a-gwaine to hatch out in all liklihood. There! She don't hurt I. I don't hurt she. Ha, ha!" His grey eyes twinkled, the corners of his mouth turned up, and his red, weather-beaten cheeks creased and puckered around his cheek-bones. There was an unsuspected joke under the most commonplace utterance of this merry old boy. "But now, maybe you'd like vor to zee how hoops be a-made vrom start to finish. Ha, ha!"

He led us outside to his store of rods and selected three. This was evidently to be a show performance, for he had suddenly become solemn. There was a post driven firmly into the ground of a height convenient to serve as a chopping-block; and another some 6in. in stature at a little distance to serve as a measuring point. "I be to work 'pon zix voot," he explained, as he measured the rod in his left hand. This done, he raised it level upon the block and chopped. Then he trimmed off the knots smooth with the rind. He carefully split the rods, not with his hook, but with the aforesaid adze, as shown in the illustration, thus of the three making material for six hoops. His leathern apron was necessary to protect his clothes from the friction of the rods. These he carried to his "pin-post." The pin-post was a good stiff post set firmly in the ground close to the trunk of a tree, which served as one of the supports to the hut, and to which it was firmly withed at the top. At about the height of a man's waist, driven into the post, were two large wooden pins, the lower projecting some inches beyond the higher. Through the narrow space between them the hoopmaker passed each split rod, steadying it upon a shorter post, as shown in the illustration. The elasticity of the stick made the grip secure. Then he shaved it to an appropriate thinness with his spoke-shave. Some of the shavings, "chips" as he called them, were 2ft. long. He had been at work for some hours, and a large heap of them lay at the front of his pin-post. He left the six hoops for a minute, to clear these away with as homely a tool as any lover of simple old-world appliances could wish to meet with. If primitive man ever made hay he must have turned it with such a fork. The corn found in the Glastonbury lake village may have been pitched with something like it. It came from close at hand in the wood, a straight sapling with a natural fork, and a willow band withed to and fro across the prongs to strengthen them. A third prong at right angles to the other had been nailed to the stem to keep the "chips" from slipping. The prongs were about 2ft. in length and the stem another 5ft. to 6ft. It was entirely home-made, with no metal but the nails. But this was none of your cutting "boughten" tools. As to the chips themselves—some are sold and the rest the various workers in the wood take for firing.

The true hoopmaking began on the "horse," a very high trestle with a rounded back. This also was withed to one of the uprights. On the side away from him the split rod was held down by a bar, and he pushed it forward, bending it all the while over the round of the horse. When the end away from him projected far enough, he hooked his foot around it and dragged it towards him underneath. Thus for the first time it assumed the form of a hoop. To be absolutely correct in size he went to the table, fitted this in a gauge hoop and marked the exact length. Then on the horse he drilled a hole with his whimble-piece, and finished the job with a wooden peg of his own making. The other five hoops were not pegged. On the low table, by the aid of his knee, protected by a leathern cap, he bent and fitted one within the other in the completed hoop. "Let coo-per peg they to his own liking. Ha, ha!" laughed he. Ten of these sets he piled neatly on each other, and twisted nooses at the ends of three pliant willow wands to bind them

together. He placed a bar across the pile, and, standing with his heel on it and his toe on the circle, drew the withes tight, equidistant and secure. "There!" cried he; "there's vive dozen—half a hunderd, hoopmaker's recknen. Ha, ha! An' that's ze benpence ha'penny to keep my missus. Ha, ha!" He could make two hundred and earn about half-a-crown a day. "But, law! the trade's a'most gone," cried he. "They use iron



Smith Whiting.

AT WORK AT THE PIN-POST.

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now, I suppose?" "Not that," explained this laughing philosopher, "but they do send 'em in vrom France!" "Cheaper, from France?" "Ay, an' the railway rate is too dear. Twenty-vive shillens! mind, vive-an'-twenty shillens a ton is money." He did not know what his hoops were used for; all he knew was, they went somewhere "right down along." He evaded further cross-examination by the assertion that it was time "to ate a bit o' lunch. Ha, ha!" So we left him seated under an oak tree



Smith Whiting.

BENDING A ROD ON THE HORSE.

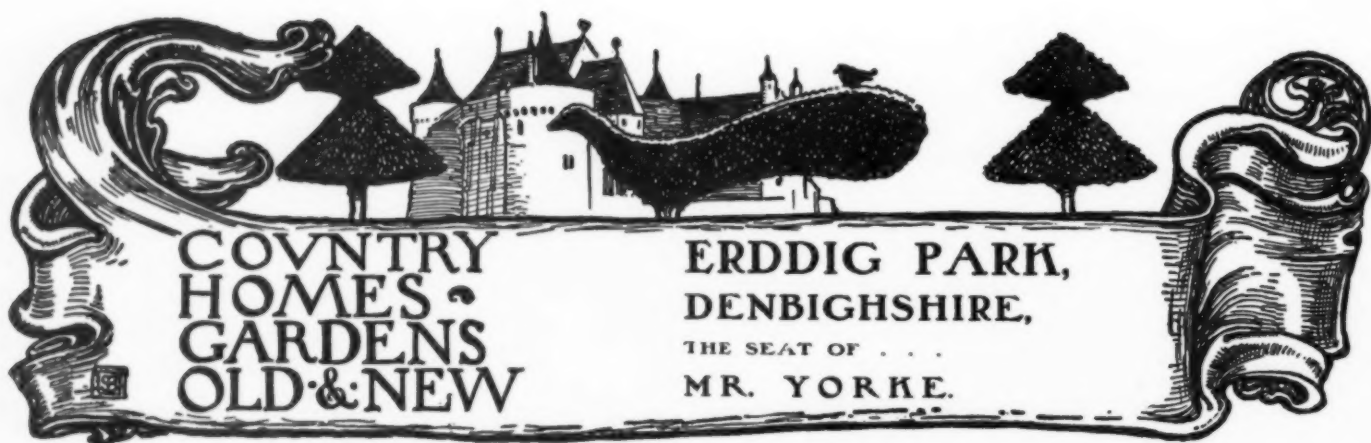
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consuming bread and cheese and an excellent onion, with a bottle "o' tay-water" to wash it down.

In another part of the wood we came upon another hoop-house. The chips were fresh, and someone had worked there quite recently. The building was precisely like the one we had left, and, strangely enough, a pair of wrens had nested in this also.

WALTER RAYMOND.





**E**RDDIG is a house which largely retains the character given to it when it was first built towards the close of the seventeenth century. That alone makes it interesting; but more interesting still is the fact that not only the original house, but also the original garden, retains much of its design. Later owners have altered and extended them in some directions, but no "Gothicising" Wyatt or "landscaping" Brown was ever let loose, and the stately rooms of the red-brick house still look through their heavily sash-barred windows on to walled parterres and formal water, flanked by ordered ranks of tall trees. Nor is this all that gives value to Erddig in the eyes of the student and lover of our architectural past. We not only are able to know, by an inspection of the fabric and gardens, the results of their builder's efforts, but also, by a perusal of surviving documents, the manner and direction of those efforts. It is often impossible, even in the post-Restoration period, to give any history of the building of quite important houses. Who was their architect, and what was his precise function? Was there, indeed, an architect at all, and if not, what was the position of the man in charge, and his relation to the principal craftsmen employed? What were the rules and rates of remuneration, the cost and character of materials? These are questions which have very often to remain unanswered; but in the case of Erddig a good deal of light can be thrown on this somewhat vexed and controversial topic.

Erddig lies near Wrexham town, in a district where streams have carved out for themselves sometimes shallow combs and sometimes steep-sided valleys, wide enough for flat, lush meadows to frame their banks. The upper ground is often a tableland and the intervening precipitous banks are clothed with wood. Here, of old, lived Erthigs of Erthig, having their home low down on one of the valley flats. Their old hall, a timber-framed structure, passed, together with the estate, to one John Edisbury in 1657. Originating at Edisbury in Cheshire, the family migrated to Kent, and Kenrick Edisbury, Surveyor of His Majesty's Navy, died and was buried at Chatham in 1638. Then his son, John, moved to Denbighshire, and some years later bought Erddig. This was in Commonwealth times; but when Charles II.'s reign was drawing to a close he had been succeeded by his son Joshua, and Joshua, Sheriff of his county in 1682, was ambitious of being housed in the ampler and newer fashion of his day. Square houses of classic elevation, built of brick and stone and fitted with sash windows, were alone esteemed, and all who could afford it sought to replace their loosely-knit, mullion-windowed homes with such edifices. Moreover, an open site, fairly level and at such altitude as might afford vistas and yet permit the ample use of water, was desirable for the formal gardens which were taking a greater extent and more numerous features. So Joshua Edisbury determined to desert the old hall in the valley and establish himself in a wholly fashionable manner on the tableland.



THE EAST FACADE, SHOWING THE ORIGINAL EDISBURY CENTRE AND ONE OF THE ADDED ENDS.



THE EAST WALK FROM HOUSE TO THE FORMAL WATER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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*THE HALL AND FORMAL WATER.*

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*IRISH YEWS.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."





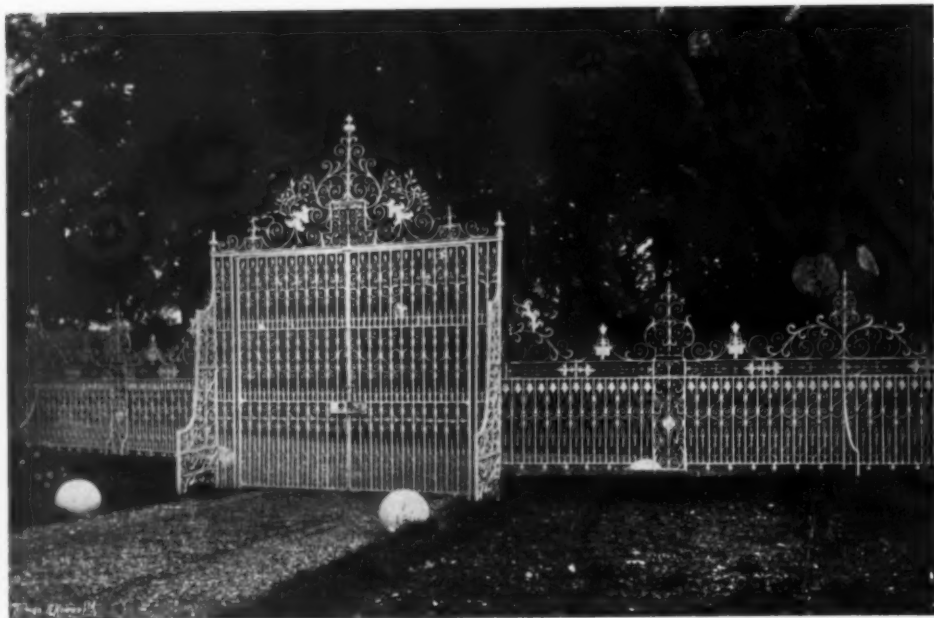
AS SEEN FROM THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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He chose a spot where two streams converging produced between them an ample, elevated peninsula with a great stretch of level ground fringed with woody steeps, and then he called in a professional adviser. Those were the days when Wren, with his pupil, Hawksmoor, was busy with church and palace, with college and hospital, while Talman and Wynne and May were entrusted with great men's mansions. But houses of large size, good proportions and excellent craftsmanship were arising by

the score in every part of the kingdom, and there must therefore have been a great number of competent provincial designers. It is to one of these that the Erddig documents introduce us. Though in Denbighshire, Erddig is not far from the Cheshire border, and Cheshire was a county of rich lands and wealthy towns, and it was a Cheshire man that Joshua Edisbury consulted. But he did not call himself an architect, though that word and office had been in general use since the beginning of the century. By such a name was Smithson, the builder of Wollaton, described on his tombstone after he died in 1614. But during much of his sixteenth century career he had been known as a "free master mason," and it is



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### IRON GATEWAY: EAST LODGE.

Fine ironwork from Stanly now at the East Lodge of Erddig.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

still by the name of free-mason that Thomas Webb of Middlewich is called in 1683 when he covenanted and agreed to "entertake and perform the care & oversight of the contriving building & finishing of a case or body of a new house for the said Joshua Edisbury att Erthigge aforesaid (the same case nevertheless to be built and finished at the cost of the said Joshua Edisbury, his heires or assigns) according to the designes, compass, manner & methodde of draughts already given by the said

Thomas Webb." These "draughts" have not survived, and that is unfortunate, as one would certainly have wished to know how much detail the Cheshire "free mason" put into his ground plans and elevations. His estimated cost of the building, however, we have in the following memorandum, entitled, "An account of y<sup>e</sup> Charge of A house 85<sup>n</sup> long, & 50<sup>n</sup> deepe according to a draft deliver'd to Joshua Edisbury Esq<sup>re</sup>":

Hon <sup>d</sup> Sir, The Bricke-worke will be 2326y <sup>ds</sup> which at 6 <sup>d</sup>	
per yard is ... ..	58 03 00
The straight Arches over y <sup>e</sup> windows will be 58, wch at	
1 <sup>st</sup> 8 <sup>d</sup> p <sup>r</sup> Arch, costs ... ..	04 16 08
The Lime used about Stone & Bricke ... ..	24 10 00



THE PARTERRE AND ENCLOSURE LYING BEFORE THE EAST FRONT OF THE HOUSE.



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THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The Stone-work will cost ... ..	98	00	00
The Glazing will be 1778 feet at 4½ per foot which will cost	33	06	09
The Carpenters' & Joiners' Work about Case of y <sup>e</sup> House costs ... ..	205	00	00
The Iron worke & Nailles cost ... ..	64	00	00
The Lead & Workmanship of it costs ... ..	110	00	00
The Slates & Slateing will cost ... ..	43	15	00
The Flagging & Laying y <sup>e</sup> Sougths & Harthis ... ..	27	00	00
The Clearing y <sup>e</sup> Foundations & Scaffold-Cords will cost ...	10	00	00
	678	11	05

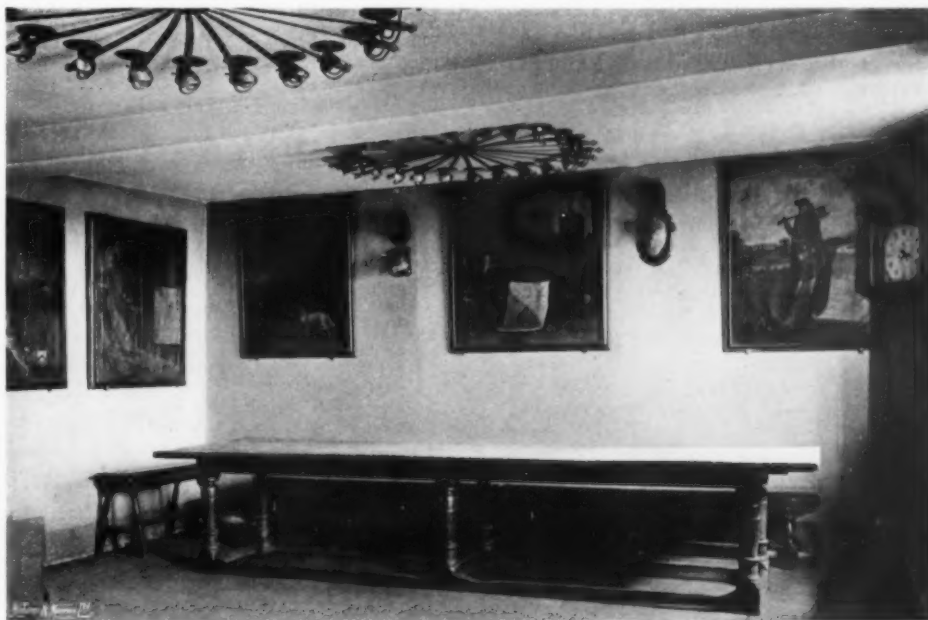
The Plastering I have here omitted because some of the roomes may be wainscotted & other inferior Roomes may not be plastered at all.

The Master is to bring to the place all manner of Bricke & Stone & Slab for y<sup>e</sup> Carrying on of y<sup>e</sup> Worke.

Erddig House as it stands now is over 200ft. long. But it will be seen that the east front consists of five sections composed of a centre, with basement and two storeys of nine windows in a row; of two narrow and slightly projecting wings; and two ends with no basement but with round windows between the two storeys of sashes. A different brick has been used for the various sections. The centre is of a rough-textured, dull-coloured brick,

but the wings are of a very highly-finished product of bright and even colour, and closely set in the manner of town work in the days of Anne and the early Georges. The ends are midway in quality between these two; and the theory is that the centre represents the house which Joshua Edisbury began in 1683, that pavilions were afterwards added and that, finally, not later than George I.'s time, the final shape was given by filling in the intervals with the slightly projecting wings. The Thomas Webb drawings and estimate therefore represented the centre block only, with its dormer windows and high-pitched roof hipped all round and, perhaps, at that time descending on to the stone cornice without a parapet, as was the case with the almost contemporary house at Stoke Edith, which has lately appeared

in COUNTRY LIFE. As regards the interior of this portion no structural change took place when the wings and ends were incorporated; but in the last century the south-east room of the centre was joined to that in the south wing to make the present dining-room. A sketch of the disposition of the ground floor as Webb's "draught" must have presented it is annexed. It is almost exactly the same plan as that adopted twenty years earlier by his greater namesake, John Webb,



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THE SERVANTS' PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright.

THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

at Ramsbury. It was a plan first introduced by Inigo Jones, and of most frequent occurrence throughout our whole Palladian period. Thomas Webb's remuneration, if £678 is taken to represent the cost of the "case," was on a rather higher scale than the 5 per cent. commission which now prevails. But as the "master" appears to have provided the bricks, stone and timber as well as done the haulage, the total disbursements must have reached £1,000. That will equalise the fees of then and of to-day, for we find that Webb was to be paid "the sume of fifty poundes of lawfull English Monie for such his care and oversight as aforesaid," and also "the said Joshua Edisbury, his heires and assignes, shall and will, at his and their owne coste, keep the said Thomas Webb with meat, drink & lodging, and also meate for his horse att Erthigge aforesaid, as often as hee shall come and stay there about the said worke." The indenture with Webb was concluded in November, 1683, but it is not until the following March that agreements were signed between Joshua Edisbury and the master craftsmen who were to act under Webb's "oversight." These were three in number. William Carter "of the Cittie of Chester, Brick layer," is to "well laye the stone for a foundacon" and also "doe & p'form all the Brickeworke of what kind & sort-soever." Then Edward Price the mason is to shape and set all the dress stonework, such as coigns, cornice, plinth and cresting, also the door-cases with pediments to the entrances, doorways on both the hall and saloon sides and the "bases, topp stones, heads and Car:italls" of chimneys. Lastly comes a long document, to be followed by more, concerning the duties of "Phillipp Rogers of Eaton in the Countie of Denbigh, Carpenter." He is, later on, described as of Erbstock, but both places are a few miles south of Erddig, so that Rogers was the one quite local man employed, and he was not very satisfactory. His duties were to "square, sawe fframe & raise all and every the Carpentry to be done on or about the erecting or finishing of the new capital Messuage." Later on, two garden buildings, called banqueting or summer houses, are entrusted to him, one to be at the east end and one on the south side of the "Long Walk." But he dallied so much that the whole house was "retarded to y<sup>e</sup> damage and dsappointment" of Joshua Edisbury, who took out a warrant against him in 1685. The carpenter, thus threatened, made ample promise to mend his ways, and Edisbury "forbore executing y<sup>e</sup> severity

of y<sup>e</sup> Statute." The promises, however, remained unfulfilled, and during four months of 1686 Rogers absented himself altogether. A second warrant, rendered nugatory by a second set of promises, followed. The latter were embodied in a duly signed and witnessed deed in September, 1686; and if it was carried out, the house was finished in the following April, all but the bigger staircase (which was to cost £8 for the workmanship) and the flooring of the hall and saloon. As regards timber, Edisbury's own oak trees were to be felled by Rogers, but also much of the timber of the Old Hall, which must have been pulled down for the purpose, was to be re-used.

As to the plastering and wainscoting, which were not included in Thomas Webb's estimate, we have no record, and we cannot, therefore, positively assert that Philip Rogers was responsible for all the fine panelling of the period still to be found in many of the Erddig rooms, such as the saloon. It was there when the next owner was preparing to furnish the house, and the width and height of the panels were carefully measured, so that pictures and looking-glasses might fit. But it was not till 1715 that the estate changed hands, and nothing is chronicled of the years which elapsed between Joshua Edisbury's last arrangement with his carpenter and the sale of Erddig to John Meller. Born in 1652, he was of a Derbyshire stock, and became a Master in Chancery. What brought him to Denbighshire does not appear. Very fine bell-metal weights and measures are preserved at Erddig, one set bearing the inscription: "From his Majestyes Exchequer. For the use of John Meller Esq Fee Farmer of the toll within the town of Wrexham in the county of Denbigh Anno Domini 1716." This, however, is later than his purchase of Erddig. But as there is also an older set, with no inscription but dated 1663, he may have held posts in the Welsh county long before a new set of weights and measures was provided for him. As Erddig changed hands under a decree of Chancery because Joshua Edisbury had overtaxed his financial abilities, he probably left his house and gardens in a somewhat unfinished state. But the general scheme of the formal lay-out, with its enclosures to north and south, its central parterre and walk leading to the formal water with the flanking avenues, so exactly fits the years when we know that Joshua Edisbury was at work, that we must certainly attribute it to him, and as he provided his builders with bricks as well as timber, the canal may in part have been the pit

out of which the clay for them was dug. He, too, is very likely responsible for the pavilions now forming the ends of the house, of which that to the north contains the chapel and that to the south the offices. In that case John Meller will have filled in the gaps—previously, no doubt, merely occupied by corridors or colonnades—and thus given to the east side its present appearance. But of his work in house or grounds there is no record, and it is only his nephew's letters to him on furnishing matters that are preserved. John Meller had sisters, of whom the eldest married Simon Yorke, uncle to the Lord Chancellor who became Earl of Hardwicke. The Yorkes were Wiltshire folk who are said to have suffered in estate during the civil wars, so that the Lord Chancellor's father was a Dover attorney in quite small circumstances, and it needed the abilities of his elder son, the future Chancellor, to establish the family fortunes. Of Simon Yorke really nothing is known, except that he married Anne Meller and that their son became her brother's heir. The younger Simon Yorke, living in London, looked after matters there for his uncle in Denbighshire, and wrote to him letters on the news of the day and also on personal matters. One of these is dated October, 1720, and mentions a visit to the weaver who is making new tapestries and adding to a piece already belonging to Mr. Meller. Two months later all is ready, but Simon Yorke delays sending them because "the Roads being full of Water, the Tapestry may possibly receive damage." No doubt it eventually arrived safely, and is that which is now hung in the room north of the saloon. Nine years later, Erddig is being very amply supplied with looking-glasses. There is a bill amounting to about £300 for chimney-glasses, pier-glasses, glass "scallops" and sconces, and there are also tables with mirror tops. The most important of these may be seen on the right-hand side of the illustration of the tapestry room. It is of soft wood and has cabriole legs, the whole being carved with flat scrollwork and covered with what now looks like very pale gilding, but is described as silver. The top is of looking-glass with the Meller arms cut and gilt, and the cost was £14. For a "fine wallnut tree glass table," however, only £4 10s. was paid. Some of the wall mirrors were of considerable size for that age, as much as £50 being paid for one. A very handsome pair in untouched condition hang on the

west wall of the saloon. Those over the two chimney-pieces are curious. The thin curved framing which is in the middle of them belongs to the Meller period, but the outer framing and the entablature top are of the Adam period, and even later. Indeed, the ball ornament under the narrow cornice was Sir John Soane's favourite motif, and the alteration of these mirrors is likely to be synchronous with the making of the present dining-room, the open door of which may be seen in the illustration to the left of one of these mirrors. Besides the mirrors, the saloon contains exceptionally fine furniture and objects of early eighteenth century type. Little, if any, of these, however, belonged to Mr. Meller, but came to Erddig through his nephew's marriage. Mr. Meller lived till 1733, being an active county magistrate and administrator, and was then succeeded by "Simon Yorke of Erddig," as he is called on the portrait of him that hangs in the dining-room on the left of that of his better-known son Philip Yorke, who inherited the property of his mother's family. Matthew Hutton was a merchant who purchased the Hertfordshire estate of Newnham about the same time that John Meller became possessed of Erddig. It was his daughter, Dorothy, who married Simon Yorke. But she was no heiress at that time, having two brothers who, in turn, succeeded the father. The younger one, James, outlived his sister and brother-in-law, and it was his nephew who was his heir when he died in 1770. Thus Philip Yorke, who had succeeded to Erddig three years earlier, was a rich man, and considerable alterations were carried out at Erddig while he held it. These were mostly on the west side. A view taken in his father's time shows this to have been in brick like the east side, and enclosed in a forecourt flanked by stable and office buildings. It is doubtful whether these ever existed as the view represents them, for there is very little space between the front door of the house and the rapid fall from the tableland to the valley. If any formalism existed here it was swept away by Philip Yorke, who employed for the naturalising of his grounds one Eames—a landscape-designer of the school of Capability Brown, who was also employed at Oulton in Cheshire—without, fortunately, giving him a free hand on the east side. The fierce drifting western rain made the house damp, and it was therefore cased on that side with stone (which being only 4in. thick has occasionally proved insufficient protection) and given a character

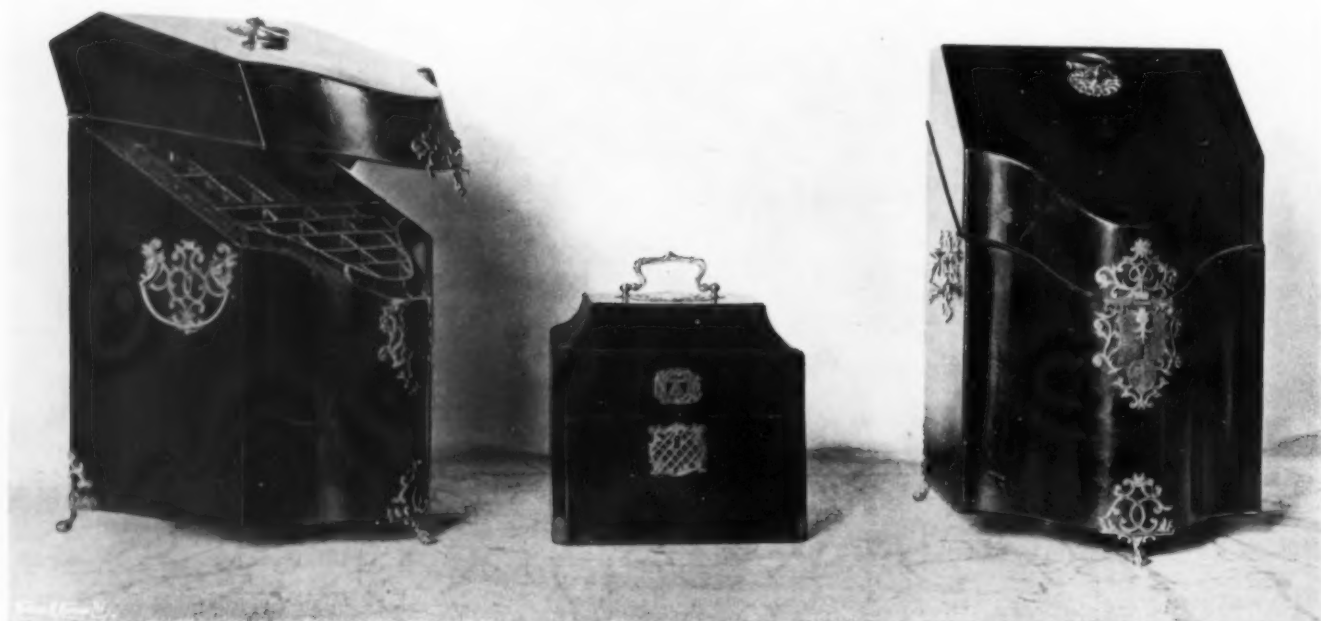


THE TAPESTRY-ROOM, LYING NORTH OF THE SALOON AND LEADING TOWARDS THE CHAPEL



akin to the style of Robert Adam. The hall and drawing room were redecorated to match, but the rooms facing east, on both floors, were fortunately left in their original condition. Thus several of the bedrooms have the same massive wainscoting of great panels brought forward from the stiles which the view of the saloon shows. They are of the type common under William III., who used them at Hampton Court, as the Duke of Montagu did at Boughton before he received the King there in 1694. There cannot, therefore, be any doubt that Joshua Edisbury, after the completion of the work mentioned in the 1686 agreement, introduced these noble wall-linings, and they may have been, in part, the cause of his mortgaging the estate to a more prudent and successful local magnate, Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls, who seems to have thought of foreclosing and occupying the property at the time of Mr. Meller's purchase. It was in 1770 that Philip Yorke inherited Newnham, and in the same year he married a daughter of Speaker Cust. The knife-boxes and spirit-bottle-case that are illustrated mark the double event. They are very beautiful specimens, all the mounts—feet, locks and handles—being of exquisitely-finished silver-work. They seem of much the same period, but the knife-boxes have the Yorke arms impaling Cust, while the case has the double eagle head of the Huttons fretted in silver above the lock and engraved on the top plate. On several pieces of silver at Erddig occur two shields, Hutton impaling Wanley and Yorke impaling Cust, which shows that Philip Yorke was apt to add his arms to Newnham objects. Knife-boxes and bottle-case will have all been Hutton possessions, but the inheritor added

But they are of the best type which a city merchant turned country gentleman could obtain in the Queen Anne period, which was distinguished for its sober designing and exquisite craftsmanship. There is much furniture of this type and time about the rooms and corridors at Erddig, and in many cases it has the singular merit—as in the case of the remarkable collection at Boughton—of never having been renovated and never having changed hands except by inheritance. With English furniture fine Oriental products are associated. Matthew Hutton seems to have been an India merchant, and Elihu Yale, Governor of Madras and founder of Yale University in America, was brought up at a house in Erddig Park and was a close friend of the Mellers and Yorkes. A fine screen which he gave to them is comparable to several at Glemham, the owner of which married his daughter. How far the remarkable panels of paper representing the trades of China—which are on the walls of the room beyond the tapestry-room—and the wealth of Oriental porcelain which Erddig contains come through the connection of Yales and Mellers, and how far they are a transfer from Newnham, does not appear. But they help to place Erddig in the front rank of houses stored with examples of the decorative arts that have the combined merit of æsthetic value and family association. The pictures are equally interesting, but space precludes mention of any save the portrait of Philip Yorke, which occupies the central place on the south wall of the dining-room. It is a delightful example of Gainsborough's brush, and it cannot be held that the £63 which the surviving receipt shows to have been the cost was a high price



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## KNIFE-BOXES AND SPIRIT-CASE.

Mounted in silver and bearing the Hutton and Yorke arms.

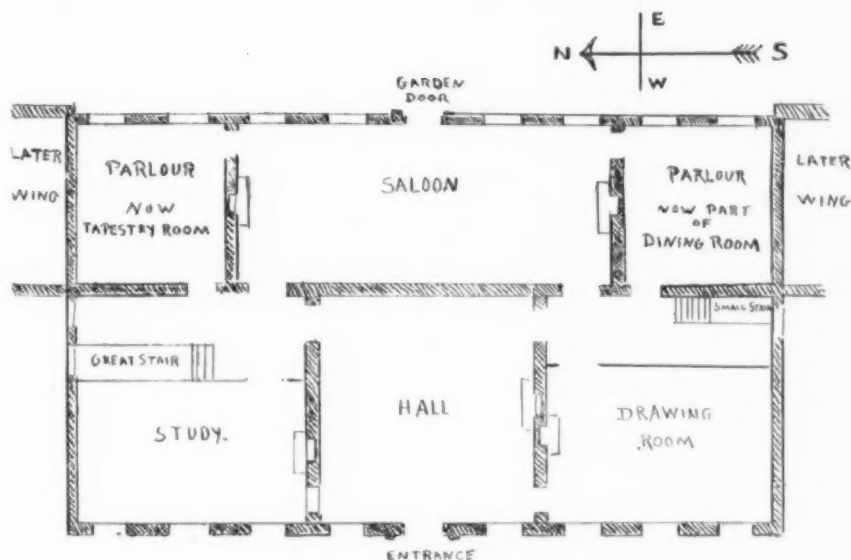
"COUNTRY LIFE."

his arms to the former when he obtained them and took a wife in the same year. But it is only the arms of its original possessors that appear on the exceptionally beautiful bread-basket which stands on the saloon table. The sides are of delicately-modelled openwork, while the solid bottom is chased with Louis XV. scrolls of very similar character to those on a set of tea-caddies that bear Yorke impaling Hutton—no doubt a wedding present to Dorothy Hutton. Her mother had been a Wanley, and hence the impaling of Wanley by Hutton on several of the pieces. But the most treasured Wanley possession at Erddig is the great and magnificent Delft vase which occupies the centre of the tapestry-room. Unfortunately, photography does not render blue tones, and the rich decoration of this regal piece does not appear. On the one side, beneath the Royal crown, are the arms of an English Sovereign, and on the other side a monogram. Family tradition tells that it is a vase made for Queen Anne and presented by her to Miss Wanley, who had charge of her son, the Duke of Gloucester. The latter part of the story may well be true, but the former is not. The monogram has the letters "W. & M."; and the lion of Nassau appears as a shield of pretence on the arms of England. It was for Dutch William, after he displaced his father-in-law in 1688, that Aelbrecht Cornelis de Keizer, the famous Delft potter, produced this fine example of his craft, than which none of those made for the same personage now at Hampton Court is finer. The Huttons of Newnham were certainly choice in their furnishings. The set of gilt chairs, still covered with the original Genoa velvet, in the saloon are not perhaps splendid like those at Glemham or at Boughton,

to pay for it. Philip Yorke is described as a man who "spent his money lavishly, though not recklessly or foolishly." He was certainly not extravagant in his payments to artists, for the large canvases in the "Servants' Portrait Gallery" were painted for him at two guineas apiece. They represent family retainers, continuing the line of service from one generation to another. It is the blacksmith, the butcher and the carpenter who occupy the wall seen in the illustration. But perhaps the most interesting subject is Jane Ebbrell, who was eighty-four when she was painted in 1793. She had been John Meller's bed-maker in his chambers in London in her early days. Then she married the coachman, and, later on, her son held the ribands for Philip Yorke. "Spider brusher to the master" is the description of old Jane given in the verse painted on her portrait. These verses, of a humorous nature, were written by Philip Yorke, who published the little volume of poems entitled "Crude Ditties," as well as his more serious archaeological work, "The Royal Tribes of Wales." As he was an M.P. as well as an F.S.A., it follows that he was a man of many interests. Classical scholar and country gentleman, archaeologist and politician, he was a brilliant talker, a delightful companion and a courteous host. His friends often gathered round his hospitable table, set, no doubt, in the saloon, which in old days was called the great dining-room. But after his son Simon succeeded him in 1804, a different arrangement was made, for in 1814 the south-east room of the Edisbury house was thrown into the space beyond, and the present dining-room obtained and decorated in the late classic style of Sir John Soane and



his school. Since then the changes at Erddig have shown a laudable desire to preserve and give full value to what had gradually been built up and collected. Such is the leading principle which animates the present Mr. and Mrs. Yorke of Erddig. The Philip Yorke of to-day is the great-grandson of the Philip Yorke of George III.'s time. Like him he chronicles in verse. He has written a metrical description of what he rightly calls "The home I prize so well," and a set of stanzas at his gates invites the stranger to enter. The gates illustrated are not original to Erddig, but are a fine local product. Those opening from the Wrexham road were a present to



SKETCH OF GROUND FLOOR OF ERDDIG AS DESIGNED BY THOMAS COBB, 1683.

Philip, will assuredly grow up to prize with the same intelligent interest that distinguishes their father and mother.

Mr. Yorke from his neighbours and tenants on his second marriage in 1902; but the grille and *clairvoyée* long belonged to Stansty, a neighbouring house that the close presence of a coalpit has long caused to be untenanted. Mr. Yorke cherishes and maintains rather than adds. But when he does add, as in the case of this fine old English ironwork, it is something that can worthily consort with the rich treasures which he has inherited from his ancestors, and which his little sons, Simon and T.

## O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

SCENT has during the past week improved as the days have gone on, or, at all events, foxes have gone better in the afternoon. Possibly this may be partly accounted for by the absence of foot-people. Foxes are liable to be headed and run a crooked course, and scent is never so serving to hounds as when a fox runs straight. The Quorn, for example, could make but little of their first fox last Monday; but with the second there was a brilliant gallop. What I suggest happened was that the fox that gave the run was the old dog fox in Willoughby Gorse. When he heard hounds he moved on. The pack, therefore, roused the vixen, who, true to the traditional tactics of vixens, twisted about, and eventually either went to ground somewhere or ran hounds out of scent. As hounds moved off the dog fox was disturbed by the crowd. At all events, there was a holloa by Willoughby Gorse. Leaf came straight back to it; hounds picked up the line. Captain Forester and his huntsman have put a lot of drive into the Quorn pack, and it was this quality that made the run, for they were on the line instantly, and probably not far behind their fox. When Leaf makes up his mind to go to a holloa he loses no time. There is considerable art in going to a holloa. Some huntsmen are themselves so excited that, what with the cracking of thongs and the rating of the whippers-in and the cheers of the huntsman, the pack expect a view. Nothing demoralises hounds more than to see or expect to see a fox. They arrive at the point where the fox was seen, half-blown, their heads up, and they are just as likely to run back as not. But the Quorn, though quick, are quiet. The hounds soon settled, drove hard, and the fox, forced through Ellard's Gorse, had no choice but to go on. He tried hard to gain time by those sharp turns a hard-driven fox makes, but in reality gained little by them, and when he set his mask up wind the pace became a racing one.

This is a "rideable" country; the enclosures are smaller than in High Leicestershire, but the fences are hunting fences and can be jumped in most places by a good horse. We had a riding field out; but Captain Forester, beautifully mounted, is generally at hand to restrain over-eagerness, and, for the rest, the best of the Quorn field know too much about hounds to over-ride them. On the whole I think the jealous riding at hounds which is the cause of a Master's anxiety has decreased. In any case, it is never so strongly pronounced before Christmas as after. Over-riding with a fairly firm Master never is so bad in the neighbourhood of Melton as in some districts of the shires I could mention. From Melton everyone hunts every day; there are no "strangers" in the everyday fields in the same sense that there are in other countries, Quorn, Cottesmore and Belvoir; while on the Melton side the regular followers are all well known to each other and are equally members of all three Hunts.

All this time I have left hounds and field racing up wind, the hounds driving on, the field riding straight and fairly, the best men in the first division, the best horses in the second, since in the Quorn Monday country, granted that a horse can cross

Leicestershire at all, it is the man rather than the horse that goes to the front.

A leading place with hounds over a flying country is so much more a matter of eye for a country, nerve, hands and knowledge of pace than of the horse. Of course, when we combine a first-rate man and a horse as nearly perfect as is possible, they are necessarily undefeated. The two things which place most of us in the second or third division of a fast gallop are indecision in the man and absolute want of pace in the horse. But the majority of hunting days make us all pretty equal, since, after all, but few foxes run straight and run on; and luck plays a considerable part in the hunting-field. Nevertheless, in hunting, as at bridge, it is skill that wins in the end and sees the most good runs from start to finish. The fox ran hard to Wymeswold and, no doubt, began to look out for a refuge. Indeed, he tried several, for the pack ran right round the house and then on to Wysall Village, and as he had no doubt been here before, he beat us, finding some refuge unknown.

I have often wondered what the gift is which enables men to hunt hounds successfully of which they see very little till the hunting season begins. As a rule one would say that a huntsman would have but little chance of making hounds work for him if he did not know them well in the kennel; yet I have known successful huntsmen who have seen very little of their hounds. I know one who spends a month at the kennels during the cub-hunting season, and after that sees little of hounds except in the field. His success and the warmth of the greeting his hounds give him are a witness to the influence he exerts. Tom Firr latterly saw very little of his hounds in the kennel, yet his control of them was wonderful. There never was a man who could lift hounds at will and get them to put their heads down again when he wanted them to as he could. And now there is Lord Lonsdale. He is a man of many duties and many interests, and he cannot see a great deal of his hounds except when he is hunting them. Last week the private pack gave an excellent day's sport and worked well, running over a delightful part of the Cottesmore country—the level, wide pastures between Ashwell Spinney, Laxton Covert and Burbidge's (where their fox got to ground) in the Belvoir territory. As it was the day for Melton to be out with the Quorn, there was no very great crowd. Lord Lonsdale is a disciple of the Duke of Beaufort, and has something of his gift for sticking to his hunted fox. Of course, this is not always quite popular with impatient folk, since a fresh fox often gives new life to the chase, whereas a tired one has often to be pursued to his end with the help of a scent which fails and becomes more uncertain as time goes on.

Two brilliant gallops came to Mr. Fernie's and the Quorn hounds at the end of last week, on Thursday and Friday. From Shangton Village hounds trotted off to Sheephorns. This is a thick covert and always holds foxes. It has two disadvantages—it is near the sport-loving village of Ture Langton, whose inhabitants have a keen eye for a fox and a sort of prescriptive right to holloa the foxes bred at their doors. Then, if a fox breaks on

the village side of the covert, Langton Cauldwell is his destination, and this cluster of coverts, though admirable nurseries of foxes, are not remarkable as the starting-point of great hunts, at least, not within my experience.

However, all went well on Thursday. The fox broke towards the tall clump of trees which marks Carlton Curliu, and then kept turning away over the wide pastures which lie between this point and Burton Overy. This is a big country; not one that everyone cares to take on. The blackthorns are strong and thick, and often penetrable only in one or two places. The race is to the swift, *i.e.*, those who reach the practicable places first, as hounds go chirping and whimpering on the line, turning, however, always leftward, and giving thus welcome hints to those who keep their eyes on the pack. As they bear away towards Illston, those who know the country find ways simpler than the fences. There are roadways and well-hung gates and smooth stretches of park-like grass. But then once more comes a difficult task, as the hairy, rough fences and comparatively steep slopes of Galby and Frisby are reached, and the Uppingham road is crossed and Billesdon Coplow is before us. But hounds are marking at a drain. Lucky are those who lurch lightly and find a second horse — not liberally ridden by the second horseman, as they say the custom is in a neighbouring country, but fresh and ready. There is no greater luxury than a well-ridden second horse. To swing one's self into the saddle of an old and trusted friend and feel him step away easily, yet without that exuberance of spirits which well-bred horses are apt to display in the morning, is delightful. Well, we wanted the best we had for that afternoon run. Shangton Holt the draw, a name familiar to all those who have hunted, even if they have never been in Leicestershire. Once more a Shangton fox has made history. A big, lengthy fox he was, and the hounds started close to his brush. In a moment they were clear of the horses, and those who meant business sat down to ride to keep them in view. It was easy to see them as they drove down the easy slope from Shangton, but hard to gain ground as they rose the steeper incline towards the ridge above Sheepthorns. There at least we shall get a pull. Not a bit of it; hounds are turning to the right, running on towards Kibworth Hall (Colonel

Chaplin's). The chorus swells as they drive through the gardens, gaining more and more on some followers. Then hounds turn for the wide road that leads from Harborough to Leicester. Glen Gorse is not his point; that is left well to the right. Fortunately the pace eased a little here; and hounds hunted on to Wigston, on the very outskirts of Leicester, and there this good fox went to ground. Some seven miles he had come in a straight line with this point in his mind all the way, for he never touched a covert. Hounds hunted beautifully, for, of course, there were turns and hovers and pauses, or not a horse would have been there. It so happened that fortune was



C. B. Woodley.

## A CHECK AT THE WALL.

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inclined to smile on Mr. Fernie's men, for it was their own fault or want of horses if they did not go to Ingersby to meet the Quorn on Friday. This pack found a fox at Billesdon Coplow, and came along much the reverse way of Mr. Fernie's Thursday morning gallop. Through Frisby and Galby to Illston, whence Noseley Wood was reached, and this is a very holding covert at this time of the year, not remarkable for scenting qualities before the leaves are rotted thoroughly. The huntsman and hounds had to work hard to drive a fox out, for the chances are that by now they had changed. Of course, no one can say this for certain; but experience of this part of Mr. Fernie's country would lead me to suppose that a change was likely. Once outside the Noseley Coverts they were on and hounds again drove on, through, but Glooston, just beyond, was only skirted. The end came close to Mr. Stop's house at Othorpe. The line was very straight to Illston, then turned to the left for Noseley and then was fairly straight to the end. The pace was moderate, but here and there hounds drove hard. X.

Herewith are some photographs, taken at the official opening hunt of the noted Eskdale and Ennerdale Foxhounds, held on November 13th at the King of Prussia, Eskdale, at 8 a.m. This is really a yeoman's pack, kept up by subscription, and hunting a very large area in the difficult and dangerous Scawfell district. The farmers, many of whom keep some of the hounds in the summer, letting them sleep out on the fells with the Herdwick sheep, always attend this meet in full force. Some arrive two or three days before the hunt, others, who cannot get away for so long, drive through the passes over the fells, leaving home long before dawn. A good gathering of hardy dalesmen were early on the scene, and also



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## AWAY ACROSS THE BECK.

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THE PACK IN FULL CRY.

several ladies, who pluckily persevered in keeping up with the field—an arduous task on such steep, rough ground. The hunters climbed Muncaster Fell, the hounds working in the valley below. A game little fox was unkenelled near Irton Hall, and crossed the fell in full view, leading to the Esk Valley and away on the opposite fell in line for Blackcoombe, doubling and twisting all the time. The hounds were not to be shaken off, so he turned again and the chase ended in Muncaster

Castle Woods, the clear, keen air allowing the field to enjoy a grand view from the fell top for about two hours. The hungry hunters now made haste to return in time for the Hot Tatle Pot, which the genial hostess would have ready for them at 5.30 p.m. "Tatie Pot" is a famous dish in the North Country, especially in the Scawfell district.



TOMMY DOBSON.

where Tommy Dobson, M.F.H. (a character only second to John Peel), and his pack are welcomed. This is Tommy's fifty-third season as M.F.H. He is now eighty-four years old, and still hunts his pack over fell and dale.

C. B. W.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A HISTORY of "very wonderfulindeedventures"—it is Nixie's phrase—is the best description we can give of Mr. Algernon Blackwood's new book, *The Education of Uncle Paul* (Macmillan). It represents his high-water mark up to now. He has never written so well, and he has never expressed his views of life with equal freshness and purity. But while awarding such praise it is our duty to warn readers that the story is not one for all sorts and conditions of men. The author differs essentially from the popular novelist of to-day, who, living in the heart of civilisation, is naturally tempted to choose for theme some new development of thought or action. From recent novels it is easy to select examples. The problems connected with sex, which have furnished so many themes for the story-teller, are not hinted at. Even the love interest has been dispensed with. We are told of Uncle Paul that:

As a potential father of many sons he was of course an object of legitimate prey; but his forest life had obviated all that; his whole forces had turned inwards for the creation of the poet's visions, and Nature in this respect, he believed, had passed him by. So far as he was aware there was no desire in him to come forth and perform a belated duty to the world by increasing its population.

The social reform and politics that fascinate Mrs. Humphry Ward might not exist at all for Mr. Blackwood. He has no such visions of the race's future as engage the thoughts of Mr. H. G. Wells, and he does not use the pages of the novel to advocate the simple life, or discuss the occult. One frames a picture of him as one reads his pages—tall and well-built, with the springy step of a mountaineer, the fresh complexion of one who combines open-air life with simple diet, and on his face the look of a dreamer and mystic. On his mind business has left no black finger-mark. Alike in the backwoods of Canada, where much of his life was spent, and on the slopes of Jura, where he lived while writing this book, it was the mystery and beauty of Nature that impressed his mind. London and other busy haunts of men must be unendurable to one so developed. We mention these things because an understanding of the book demands it. The great majority of us are absorbed in worldly affairs, studying a profession, pushing a business interest, or following some career with worldly prosperity as its object, and only at moments of leisure, or in the illumination that comes with great shocks of grief or excitement, are we deeply

moved by the mystery and beauty of life. It is the opposite with Mr. Blackwood. With him the things of the spirit are the end-all and be-all; the things of the flesh, *i.e.*, the market and counter and forum, minor incidents. This attitude gives to the beginning of the book an air of impracticability, which only wears off as we become accustomed to the atmosphere and to the companionship of the author. Yet, from the opening chapter, even if we consider that the author is a dreamer ignorant of the world, we have to admit that his, at least, is a sincere voice in a world of echoes. Its accents remind us of the purity of new-fallen snow.

After these preliminary observations it will be easier to explain the machinery of the book. It is above all else a book in praise of children, and *Ex oribus parvulorum* might have been taken as its motto. Uncle Paul in the backwoods of Canada has not failed to be educated in the love of Nature, or he could not have written this fine description of the woods:

No one ever comes to disturb their lives, and few of them have ever heard the ringing of an axe. Only giant moose and caribou steal silently beneath their shade, and Indians, dark and soft-footed as things of their own world, make camp-fires among their roots. They know nothing of men and cities and trains, and the wind that sings through their branches is a wind that has never tasted chimney-pots, and hot crowds, and pretty, fancy gardens. It is a wind that flies five hundred miles without taking breath, with nothing to stop its flight but feathery tree-tops, brushing the heavens, and clean mountain ridges thrusting great shoulders to the stars.

But as "Wood Cruiser" he has not come in contact with children, and on his return to England the shy backwoodsman is rather afraid of those small kinsfolk who are the children of his sister, and his greatest friend, Dick Messenger. He therefore assumes what he thinks will be a mask. Dick, however, had been a poet, and before his death had taught them to love Nature and give rein to their fancies. They instinctively recognise that the uncle, in spite of his physique, weight and elderly appearance, is one of themselves, whose heart is perennially young, and in a series of charming incidents they teach him to recognise the fact. In especial he is taken in hand by Nixie, "whose eyes ran about the room like sunshine from the surface of a stream." He becomes one of the band, and takes part in their "Aventures," as they are called by Nixie, who is still young enough to drop her consonants. These adventures are the most precious feature of the book. Perhaps it would be best to transcribe word for word the Vision of the Winds; but space is limited, and we must content ourselves with giving the culminating scene, in the sure



and certain belief that whosoever it appeals to will want to know the other scenes which lead to such a transformation:

The winds moved in their sleep, and awoke.

In loops, folds, and spirals of indescribable grace they slowly began to unwrap themselves from the tree stems with a million little delicate undulations; like thin mist trembling, and then smoothing out the ruffled surface of their thousand serpentine eddies, they slid swiftly upwards from the moss and ferns, disentangled themselves without effort from roots and stones and bark, and then, reinforced by countless thousands from the lower branches, they rose up slowly in vast coloured sheets towards the region of the tree tops.

Still more remarkable is the "Adventure of the Crack." It was surely a very triumph of inspiration that suggested this beautiful incident and its lovely explanation:

"Quick!" she whispered, "listen and I'll tell you. We're going to find the crack between Yesterday and To-morrow and then—slip through it."

His heart beat with excitement as he heard.

"Go on," he cried. "Tell me more."

"You see, Yesterday really begins just after Midnight when To-day ends," she said, "and To-morrow begins there too."

"Of course."

"After Midnight To-morrow jumps away again a whole day, and is as far off as ever. That's the nearest you can get to To-morrow."

"I see."

"And Yesterday, which has been a whole day away, suddenly jumps up close behind again. So that Yesterday and To-morrow," she went on, eager with excitement, "meet at Midnight for a single second before flying off to their new places. Daddy told us that long ago."

"Exactly. They must."

"But now the world is old and worn. There's a tiny little crack between Yesterday and To-morrow. They don't join as they once did, and if we're very quick, we can find the crack and slip through—"

To epitomise this part of the story would be an act of gothic injustice to the author, and so we must content ourselves with showing what the passage through the crack disclosed. "There's no time here at all," said Nixie. "There's no hurry now." Homer fabled of such a land as they found, and Tennyson figures it as the island valley of Aylon, "where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow." Mr. Blackwood's idea is old but the setting of to-day. Instead of those meadows where grew the asphodel, Paul found:

The bank on which he lay sloped down towards a river fledged with reeds and flowers; its waters, blue as the sky, flowed rippling by, and a soft wind, warm and scented, sighed over it from the heart of the summer. On the opposite shore, not fifty yards across, a grove of larches swayed their slender branches lazily in the sun, and a little further down the banks he saw a line of willows drooping down to moisten their tongue-like leaves. The air hummed pleasantly with insects, birds flashed to and fro, singing as they flew; and in the distance, across miles of blue meadowlands, hills rose in shadowy outline to the sky.

Many are the exquisite features of this dream country. Its river winds like a ribbon through the landscape and goes on for ever in a circle. In Nixie's words, "All broken things, and all lost things come here and are happy again," and "the things that ought to happen, but never do happen" are all found here. Here the dead animals live:

A sound of neighing made him turn round, and before he could move aside, a large grey horse with a flowing tail and a face full of gentle benevolence came trotting over the turf and stopped just behind him, nuzzling softly into his shoulder.

"Nice, silly-faced old thing," said Nixie, running up to speak to it, while a brown collie trotted quietly at her heels. A little further off, peeping up through a tangle of pinks and meadow-sweet, he saw the faces of innumerable kittens, watching him with large and inquisitive eyes, their ears just topping the flowers like leaves of fur. Such a family of animals Paul thought he had never dreamed of.

"This is the heaven of the lost animals," Nixie cried from her seat on the back of the grey horse, having climbed up by means of a big stone. On her shoulder perched a small brown owl, blinking in the light like the instantaneous shutter of a photographic camera.

We think the reader will, from this very imperfect notice, be able to gain such an idea of the character of this book as will enable him to judge if it is likely to appeal to him. Much as we may wish to do so, it is not practicable to analyse it fully here, and only one other point shall be dealt with. Nixie, to whom Paul has owed everything, dies; but after death continues to be

present to him, and in the end her very personality seems to blend with his own. Thus baldly related, the fact might appear to be a part of the vulgar occultism of the present day. It is not intended for anything of the kind; but those who read the book in the proper spirit will find that it is only part of that high mysticism which was the mood of the author at the time of writing.

#### THE ENGLISH CUPID.

**The Book of Cupid.** With Illustrations by The Lady Hylton and an Introduction by Henry Newbolt. (Constable and Co., Limited.)

LADY HYLTON and Mr. Henry Newbolt have produced an anthology which, because it is unique in character and delightful in the quality of taste shown in it, will be a treasure to lovers of poetry. Mr. Newbolt contributes an introduction, in which he sketches the history of Cupid in English literature. In the language of ornithology he describes the little god as "only an occasional visitant" in this country, and arrives at the conclusion that Cupid will make no more conquests in English poetry, so that the time has come for gathering up the poems about him. The spacious days of Queen Elizabeth were the most favourable to Cupid, who afterwards became more an artificial adornment of verses. Many of the pieces belong to the very highest rank of English literature. Others are comparatively new, and of the latter we quote a version of "Meleager," translated by Mr. Newbolt in 1889:

Ring-a-tingle! Oyez, Oyez! This is to give the public warning,  
Love, the rascal, rose at daybreak and eloped from home this morning.  
He's a pretty boy for crying, and for bold unending clack,

With a mocking smile—and wings too,  
and a quiver at his back.

Who's his father I can't tell you, for the  
madcap is so wild

Neither Earth nor Sky nor Ocean will  
acknowledge him their child.

Everywhere by all he's hated: and you'd  
better have a care,

May be even now he's setting for your  
hearts another snare!

Hold! I spy him in his covert; come  
away! you'll get no good

Hiding in my lady's eyes there—no! you're  
caught, my Robin Hood!

Lady Hylton is to be congratulated on the beauty and appropriateness of her illustrations. They are charming, and seem to have been made by one who was translated for the time being into the age when Cupid was real to those who sang of him. The illustration which we are enabled to reproduce by the kindness of the publishers is, as the quotation shows, from a beautiful poem by Thomas Lodge:

Love in my bosom like a bee

Doth suck his sweet;

Now with his wings he plays with me,

Now with his feet.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,

His bed amidst my tender breast;

My kisses are his daily feast,

And yet he robs me of my rest.

Ah, wanton, will ye?

Other poems chosen for illustration are in nearly every case the most beautiful verses inspired by the little god. We have several examples. That exquisite bit of Herrick:

One silent night of late

When every creature rested,

Came one unto my gate

And, knocking, me molested.

From "A Paradise of Dainty Devices" we get "The Assault of Cupid" by William Lord Vaux:

When Cupid scaled first the fort

Wherein my heart lay wounded sore

The battery was of such a sort

That I must yield, or die therefore.

Delightfully suitable to John Lyly is the illustration of this verse:

O Yes! O Yes! Has any lost

A heart which many a sigh hath cost?

Is any cozen'd of a tear

Which as a Pearl, Disdain doth wear?

Here stands the thief: let her but come

Hither and lay on him her Doom.

But, indeed, it is impossible to discriminate where every picture is so appropriate to its purpose.

#### THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT LORDSHIP.

**A History of Dunster,** by Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte. (The St. Catherine's Press.)

DUNSTER and its lords have long been a source of interest to Sir Maxwell Lyte, and the result of his long and careful study of records and manuscripts is now given to us in two considerable tomes, full of good matter and good illustrations. Perched on its detached conical hill (known as Dun's Tor these eight hundred years at least) at the end of a picturesque village street and at the maritime edge of the romantic Exmoor district, the Castle of the Mohuns and of the Luttrells has ever been a place of pilgrimage for the antiquarian and the artist. Its mediævalism is largely modern imitation, no doubt; yet the general outline and grouping of its buildings, helped out by the grandeur and beauty of its site, are very impressive, and, if the eye does not scan all the details too critically, they may be accepted with delight as



*...I with Roses every Day  
Will whip you hence*

forming a Gothic stronghold that survives in fulness and completeness. As a matter of fact, there is, except in the gatehouse and such outworks, little of Gothic about the Castle that is not of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the best thing about it is the fine Palladian interior work—the plaster ceilings and carved wood staircase—introduced by Francis Luttrell in Charles II.'s time. A little later came the most remarkable of Dunster's decorative objects—"the magnificent *corami* or pictures on leather that adorn the gallery," as Sir Maxwell calls them, or, as they were described in 1744, "the gilt leather hangings being the History of Mark Anthony and Cleopatra." It is not, however, merely the presence of art and architecture, or even of natural beauty, which makes this Exmoor Tor a point of fascination. To these qualities appealing to the eye must be added the intellectual one derived from the long, stirring and often romantic history of its possessors. This Conquest Lordship has, indeed, once been bought and sold, and its present possessor uses the name of the purchasing family by adoption only. Yet he can trace descent from that William, Lord of Moyon in Normandy, who helped to put William, the Duke, on the throne of England, and was rewarded by the gift of vast areas of land, comprising many fertile manors, of which this of Dunster was one of the chief. Here, recognising the strategic value of the Tor, he built a castle which "became the head of an important Honour or Barony comprising forty knights' fees in the reign of Henry the First, and afterwards enlarged." Enlarged, alas! only to dwindle, and the Mohuns of Dunster, after playing important rôles on the mediæval stage, ended rather meanly. A John de Mohun fought gallantly at Crecy and took part in at least five subsequent Continental campaigns. He was a baron attending Parliament by writ, and he was one of the original twenty-five Knights of the Garter. All this was brave and noble, but it had its dark side. "Associating with the greatest persons in the realm, Sir John de Mohun seems from the beginning to have lived beyond his means." His wife, a de Berghersh whose father was one of Edward III.'s distinguished commanders and her uncle one of his celebrated Chancellors, had no idea of suffering from this impending impecuniosity. There seems to have been no settlement of the estates, and manor after manor was sold. Then followed a series of legal documents whereby the residue and nucleus of the Mohun inheritance became the property and was at the free disposal of Lady de Mohun, who, after she became a widow, sold it, but retained her life interest. The Luttrells were then seated at East Quantockhead, a property still belonging to the family. Of them, Sir Andrew Luttrell married, in 1359, a daughter of Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon. Socially, it was a brilliant match, but it brought no great wealth. Lady Elizabeth, however, was cousin to the Black Prince and favoured at Court, and the King gave the pair an annuity of £200 a year on their marriage. The lady must have been a singularly good woman of business, for she it was who bought the reversion of Dunster for five thousand marks in 1376. She never obtained possession, but died before Lady de Mohun, who enjoyed her rents and purchase money for nigh upon thirty years, and then died in the odour of sanctity and was buried in the tomb she had long before prepared for herself in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral. There was trouble between the children of these two ladies, for there were three Mohun daughters to dispute the right to alienate. But Hugh Luttrell gained the day, and he and his descendants have ever since ruled at Dunster. The last of the male line died in 1737, and his daughter brought the inheritance to her husband, Henry Fownes, who was descended from an offshoot of the Conquest owners of the lordship, the Mohuns of Boconnoc. Thus his sons and his son's sons, adopting the name of Luttrell, represent the only two families who have ever held the Castle. This mere glimpse of their history is all that space permits of here. For the rest, recourse is recommended to Sir Maxwell's two volumes, which also relate all that is known of Dunster town, church and priory. They are the work of a deep student, and yet will please the light reader.

#### The Woman at Home.

THE Christmas number of the *Women at Home* contains several excellent articles of topical interest. Among them is one on "Sweet making without a Fire" which should be very acceptable to the girl who wishes to give presents of her own making, and who cannot pride herself on the merits of her needlework. For the woman who is clever with her needle there are illustrated hints on the making of sachets, lampshades and various other small articles. Hostesses in search of novelty may glean some hints from Mrs. Pattison's article on a Chinese Dinner-party, or from the Home Cookery page, which gives directions for a buffet supper for an evening party. Among the contributors we notice such well-known names as Katharine Tynan, Alice Perrin, Evelyn Sharp and H. Perry Robinson.

#### Baily's Directory.

THE new issue is before us. We had thought that *Baily's Directory* was as good as it could be, but there are some improvements in the present issue. The winners at the Clonmel and Reigate hound shows, as well as those at Peterborough, are given. There is, too, a list of the winners of point-to-point races, which is useful for reference. There is also a blank diary to record our hunting experiences from November to April, which will add to the value of the diary as a record. A point which always strikes us about *Baily's Directory* is its accuracy. In a work which contains so many names, there are few errors, and hardly any misprints. It has occurred to us that it would be useful if the book contained more lists of the most successful stallion hounds of each season; but doubtless to add much more to the book would make the volume unwieldy, a fate apt to overtake works of reference. This, *Baily's Directory* has hitherto avoided successfully.

#### NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

*The Agony Column*, by C. A. Dawson Scott. (Chapman and Hall.) Mrs. Dawson Scott is a novelist with many interesting studies of different types of women to her credit. "The Story of Anna Beames," "The Burden"

and "The Treasure Trove" will be fresh in the memories of those who read them. The hopes they raised have not been disappointed in Mrs. Scott's new book, which is a very clever, painstaking study of a type of woman she has labelled "the idealist." Mrs. Morgan is beautiful and young, the wife of Colonel Morgan, who owns a pleasant country house near Bath. She is a sensitive woman, rather a fool perhaps, and very much of a prig, but through tribulation she learns wisdom. It is impossible always to like and sympathise with her, but she is seldom untrue to life, and the difference between her point of view and that of her husband and her elder sister is excellently realised and described. This is a sober, quiet story, but it contains a great deal of thought and careful observation.

*San Celestino*, by John Ayscough. (Smith, Elder and Co.) Mr. Ayscough's new "essay in reconstruction" concerns the unhappy Pope Celestine V., a hermit of the Abruzzi, who, in his old age, was dragged from his retreat and forced into his unsought position of splendour. Poor Celestine only endured the glory of Papedom for four months. At the age of seventy-four, after a hermit's life, he was unequal to the position into which he was thrust and, humanly, abdicated, an action for which neither his contemporaries nor posterity forgave him. Mr. Ayscough draws a very telling and sympathetic picture of Celestine, and the mediæval background is admirably filled in.

*On the Forgotten Road*, by Henry Baerlein. (John Murray.) Mr. Baerlein has achieved something in the nature of a triumph in this artfully ingenuous book. The story concerns itself with the Children's Crusade of 1212, and is told by the father of the first child to set out on that perilous adventure. The many and various things which befel the children in their attempt to win from the Islamites the sepulchre which the flower of European chivalry had been unable to rescue are told in the simple words of the peasant whose muddled brain cannot make very much of the wonderful things which came under its notice. The picture of mediæval life and feeling which the book gives is curiously distinct. Mr. Baerlein is to be congratulated on having handled his story in a manner so consistently skilful and entertaining.

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Ordinary People, by Una L. Silberrad. (Constable.)

Sporting Stories, by Thormanby. (Mills and Boon.)

The Hungry Heart, by D. Graham Phillips. (Heinemann.)

In the Grip of the Nyika, by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. (Macmillan.)

Beasts and Men, being Carl Hagenbeck's experiences for half a century among wild animals. An abridged translation by Hugh S. R. Elliot and A. G. Thacker, with an introduction by P. Chalmers Mitchell. (Longmans, Green.)

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE LIV.]

## LAW AND THE LAND.

IN times past the owners of great estates frequently granted a piece of land to trustees to be used for the purpose of erecting thereon a National school for the use of the neighbourhood. Since the more recent Education Acts came into operation, it is sometimes found that the National school is no longer necessary. A modern school building is provided by the education authority and the old building ceases to be used as a school. What is then the position of the old school: does it revert to the grantor or his successors by reason of the failure of the purpose for which it was originally given, or is it still the subject of a charitable trust which is capable of being carried into execution in some other way for the benefit of the neighbourhood? Such was the question in the recent case of the "Attorney-General v. Shadwell." The school was no longer used for the purpose of secular education, but was used for a Sunday school, and the Board of Education claimed that this was an educational purpose, and that they had power to frame a scheme whereby the school would be preserved for the public use. The original owner resisted this contention, not because he wished to resume possession for his own benefit, but in order that he might direct for what purposes and how the building should be used in future, and argued that, as the purpose for which the land had been granted had ceased to operate, the land and the building thereon reverted to him under the provisions of the School Sites Act, 1841, and the learned judge decided in his favour.

Landlords and their agents should make a note of the decision in "Child v. Edwards," that where rent nominally falls due on a Sunday it is payable on that day, and may be distrained for on the Monday, as being rent in arrear on that day. It is generally known that rent is not actually due until the last moment of the due day, and that, at the earliest, distress can only be made on the day following that on which it falls due. For many purposes, Sunday is in law regarded as a *dies non*, so that when a thing should be done on a Sunday it is sufficient to do it the next day. It was sought to extend this principle to rent, but Justice Ridley declined to do so, and in an interesting judgment came to the conclusion that Sunday was not a *dies non* at common law, and is only made so by statute for specific cases, of which payment of rent is not one.

Quite a body of law is growing up in connection with flat-land, and as everyone nowadays either owns, or resides in, or is on visiting terms with, the occupants of a flat, the cases relating to this modern form of home are of considerable public interest. With all due deference, however, to the learned judges who composed the Court by which the latest case was decided, it may be doubted whether their decision is quite good law. In "Lewis v. Ronald," the owner of a block of flats contracted with the tenants that he would light the staircases on the premises when it was necessary. One evening a tradesman's messenger was delivering goods to one of the tenants after dark. He went in at a door marked "Tradesmen's Entrance" and



down some stairs which were in total darkness owing to the attendant having neglected to turn on the electric light. Trying to feel his way in the dark, he fell down a long flight of stairs and seriously injured himself, and sued the owner for damages. The Court held that there was no invitation to the plaintiff by the defendant to go to the place where he fell, and, therefore, that the defendant was not liable. The plaintiff, said the judges, chose to go on in the dark, and did so at his own risk. The defendant had no reason to anticipate that he would do so; the plaintiff must obviously have been aware of the darkness, and the defendant was not responsible to anyone who chose to walk about on the staircase when it was not lighted. There is a good deal of law on this doctrine of invitation, as it is called, and some of the decisions are not easy to reconcile. The

general rule, so far as it relates to flats, may be briefly put as being that the owner of a building who has contracted with his tenants to keep a staircase in repair has a duty towards persons having business with the tenants to keep the staircase in a reasonably safe condition, but it seems that the rule does not extend to an obligation to light a staircase. The distinction has been based on the fact that whereas a lack of repair may not be patent to the visitor, darkness obviously is. It hardly seems right that an owner who wishes to protect himself against liability can do so by leaving the place in pitch darkness, and so be able to say to an injured person that he came on the premises at his own risk. It is to be hoped that the question may be brought before the Court of Appeal, so that the whole subject may be considered and authoritatively determined.

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### THE VALUE OF PHRASES.

THOSE who have much to do with the education of youth are fully alive to the value of the illuminating phrase—the sentence—which strikes right home to the vital, intelligent spot of the pupil's brain and makes him suddenly apprehend a chain of reasoning which had been all obscured to him before. In the education of the golfing infant of mature years the enlightening phrase is no less valuable. Poulpott, at Mitcham, had a phrase which we have selected for approval many times, telling his pupils to "strike from a point"—that is to say, to have a consciousness, in making the swing, of a definite moment at which the swing ceases to be upwards, and begins to be downwards again, towards the ball. In the failure to realise that there is this distinct moment lies the cause of the motiveless waving of the club in the air which we see some beginners execute at the top of the swing.

### A USEFUL ONE BORROWED FROM CRICKET.

In the old days of our cricketing education, the Rev. John Copleston used to instil into us, with iteration, the value of playing "from wicket to wicket." This was a phrase of the like illuminating kind, giving us a line in which to keep the bat moving so as to have the best possible chance of meeting the straight ball. We have found, by personal experience, that keeping this phrase in mind may be a help in golf also. It is another way of saying that the club-head should travel as long as is reasonably possible in the proposed direction of the ball's flight. The longer it does this, the more chance there is of its hitting the ball correctly—there is the longer section of the ellipse in which it has a chance of fairly meeting the ball. By "reasonably," in the above connection, is meant "consistently with forceful hitting," which again means "with sufficiently rapid movement of the club-head." It is a very good thing, when you are trying to get a new idea into the head of a pupil, to vary the phrase. If you do not hit the right place in the brain with one phrase you may with another, and it is as well to try several. But this notion of making the club-head travel straight in the line of the proposed travel of the ball is very well suggested by the travel of the cricket bat from wicket to wicket in order to meet the travel of the ball; it is in an opposite direction, certainly, but still the ball, too, is travelling "from wicket to wicket," or approximately so, to meet the bat.

### THE CAMBRIDGE WIN AT IPSWICH.

The Cambridge University side did well in its Ipswich match, beating the club both in the four-ball matches (why will the recording angels speak of this species of match as a "four-ball foursome," whereas a foursome is a two-ball match?) in the morning and also in singles in the afternoon. Mr. Ireland played a halved match with Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Ulyat lost to Mr. J. P. Harvey in the singles, but in the four-ball matches the Cambridge pair beat the other two easily. Mr. Campbell, who has been doing so well, seems out of form for the moment, and lost both his rounds.

### OXFORD UP TO DATE.

While Cambridge, undismayed by their somewhat tragic visit to Northwood, overcame Ipswich, Oxford made a long journey to a course that is well worth the trouble of getting there, Hollinwell in Nottinghamshire, and beat Mr. A. N. Lee's team. Mr. Evans won his match again, and so did Mr. Maclure, who is evidently a very good player; but Mr. Macdonell seems temporarily to have struck a bad patch, and was rather badly beaten by Mr. McCarthy. Mr. Finch-Hatton likewise suffered a severe defeat from Mr. Myddelton; but the latter on his best days is alarmingly good, as he showed by his fine consistent play in this year's open championship. Few indeed can deliver so hard a punch with so short a swing; but then, very few are half as strong as Mr. Myddelton. On the 27th Oxford go to Woking, and the latter, if they have their best side, may hope at least to make a match of it; but they will have their work cut out for them.

### MR. H. J. WHIGHAM'S MARRIAGE.

A wedding of much more than common golfing interest was announced to take place, and doubtless did so take place, at Roslyn, Long Island, on Wednesday last. It was that of Mr. H. J. Whigham, more familiarly "Jim," with Miss Frances Macdonald, daughter of Mr. C. B. Macdonald. Mr. Whigham is a member of that great golfing family at Prestwick of which the sisters are almost as strong players and as long drivers as the brothers, and the brothers are all so good that no one knows which is the best. Mr. "Jim" Whigham's chief successes have been in the United States. He has had an adventurous career. For a long while his signature was familiar in this country as that of the war correspondent to the *Morning Post*. Twice, we think, he has captured the amateur golf championship of the United States. Now he has captured an American bride. At least once he has been in prison; this was in the Spanish-American War in Cuba, where the Cubans captured him. He would most likely have been hung had he not broken prison and escaped. Then we think he fought on the other side. We are not sure of this, but it showed a fine impartiality if he did. He was also war correspondent in South Africa and in the Russo-Japanese campaign. Probably he learnt all this love and aptitude for adventure in the Himalayas and gigantic hazards of Prestwick. Mr. C. B. Macdonald himself, Mrs.

Whigham's father, has the distinction of being the only American on the Rules of Golf Committee. He is, in fact, a Scot by birth and a St. Andrews undergraduate by education, though an American by adopted nationality. It is he that has shown the energy and the knowledge to bring to good effect his own design of the national golf links of America, which is to be composed of samples of the best holes in the golfing universe. Mrs. James Whigham may have the satisfaction of knowing that she has married one of the most popular and best-liked men in the world.

### THE MIGHTY FALLEN.

Never probably had the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society a better side—on paper—for their annual match at Sunningdale, and never were they



MR. R. H. BALLOCH.



so utterly and completely routed as they were last Saturday. What is more, they can never suffer a worse defeat, for there were seven foursomes in all, and they lost every one of them. Sunningdale had a good side, in spite of several unavoidable defections, but they really ought not to have won quite so easily. Where the visitors failed was, generally speaking, on the green. The Sunningdale greens are at present extraordinarily good and they are also extraordinarily fast; the merest touch of the putter sends the ball gliding away at a tremendous pace, and, moreover, just when the ball appears to be going to stop by the hole, it gathers way in some inexplicable manner and races gaily out of holing distance. A putt down hill and down wind is really a terrifying ordeal; but at the same time the greens are beautifully true, and good putting reaps its proper reward. There was some very good play on the side of the winners. Mr. Norman Hunter was playing all the game admirably, and some of his recoveries alike from sand and heather fairly broke the hearts of his opponents. Then Mr. Smirke and Mr. W. P. Tindal-Atkinson did very well to beat Mr. de Montmorency and Mr. Lee, a very formidable couple, both of whom have a habit of winning their matches. Altogether Sunningdale wiped out in a most bloodthirsty and thorough-going manner their defeat of last year.

#### MR. R. H. BALLOCH.

When Mr. Balloch is not in the clutches of a large Admiralty practice at the Bar, he is generally to be found on the links of Woking. He is one of the chief props and ornaments of that club and one of its oldest members. As befits a Scotsman who has played much at Prestwick, Mr. Balloch prefers a foursome to a single, and it is the form of game in which he is most likely to shine, since his short game in general, and especially his putting, are much to be feared. His driving is of a rather less reliable quality and suffers sometimes from a certain lack of control. Mr. Balloch represented Oxford at golf when the side was not perhaps quite so formidable as it is at present; he also steered his college crew to victory, as those who meet him now for the first time may be surprised to learn. To many of the week-end golfers of Woking he is known as the friendliest and most cheerful of hosts.

#### FOURSOME VAGARIES.

There are always some curious instances in foursome play of one partner either never taking a certain club out of his bag, or else playing nothing but an endless series of shots with that club. The particular club may, of course, be the niblick, but we are not alluding to that. After the match at Sunningdale there was the usual comparing of notes, and one player declared that he had never had to play an ordinary pitch with the mashie throughout the round;

he had either been approaching with some longer club, or running up or putting. Another vowed that in the course of a thirty-six-hole foursome on the same course a few days before he had only once taken his wooden club through the green. These funny things can happen without any great eccentricities of play, and if only we knew when they were going to happen there would be much skill in deciding which partner should drive at the odd and which at the even holes. Again, how often it happens in foursomes that one player has to do all the approach putting and the other all the holing out. By the contrariness of things it always occurs that he who holes out is just the man who feels particularly unhappy on that particular day when he is three or four feet away from the hole. Nothing is more terrifying than to be suddenly confronted with a short putt towards the end of the round after having had nothing but the long ones to deal with up till that moment. The first short putt of the day is always unpleasant, but in a single it is bound to come soon; to have the agony long postponed is horrible.

#### DRAINING WATER IN BUNKERS.

The past autumn has given us some very sufficient object-lessons in the shape of bunkers filled with water; but what people do not seem to realise is that in many instances it is not at all difficult to drain these bunkers, if the water is merely the result of rain. It appears, at least, that the difficulty is over-rated, because it is seldom that an effort is made to overcome it unless an incline of the ground immediately surrounding the bunker, towards some lower level, points out a line of surface drainage which it is hardly possible to overlook. What is not enough realised is that a bunker may often be drained right through its own floor by boring down through it to a more porous stratum. Of course, the feasibility of this is entirely dependent on the existence of such a porous stratum immediately below that on which the water is lying. It is no good boring unless this porous stratum can be reached; obviously it is no use boring if the water in the bunkers is only an inflow from the natural water-level of all the country round, nor is it much good trying to get rid of the water in this manner if it is coming in by way of some spring underground. It would not be the slightest use boring through the bottom of the St. Andrews bunkers, for you would touch water-level at once. On the other hand, where rain-water lies in bunkers on the Down courses, where the under stratum is chalk and the water rests on the thin layer of clay, or whatever it is that overlies the chalk, or even if it is lying in a pan of chalk itself that has been stamped into an impermeable substance, then there is almost certain relief to be had by the really quite simple process of boring down, at the lowest level of the bunker, into the porous chalk stratum. Of course, the hole gets blocked now and then, but it is no great matter to clean it out.

## CLIFF-PARTRIDGES IN NOVEMBER.

TO you good people in town these notes from the country, to you in comfort in the South, wrapped round with congenial society and cosy fog, these notes from one left behind in the cold. . . . How cold it is you cannot conceive. It is not freezing, but just a twee; frost and "fresh," blustering and sunny, the sea a Mediterranean blue; but the wind is cold as Arctic—straight north-east from the Arctic Circle, speaking of bergs and of solid floes. It is exhilarating, but lonely. All the pleasant sporting people have gone South, and the writer, a "self-indulgent sporting landlord," according to Lloyd-George, is left to wipe out the unbroken coveys of cliff-partridges and to attend to the upkeep of the estate and payments of labourers' bills for the restoration of this stading and that wall—such a business, I assure you, that will keep the writer open-eyed till the small hours; and expenditure—beyond all reason, except tradition!

However, one of the simple joys of the lonely landlord is to take out the dogs; poor fellows, their out-kennel days are now few and far between, and when you do manage to get time for the hill-partridges, their joy is heard miles away. There is the pointer Flo, a young lady and knowing, and Sam, a black and white spaniel, a dear dog, but a trifle too knowing also—what a row they kick up! And alas, the old black pointer, and the liver and white, which you cannot take—what a doleful chorus they raise behind you, as you go off with teeth chattering in the blue cold. Now the fields are bald and bare. Where is the cover now for birds? Even the heather on the moor is thin and the grouse are down on the last stubbles. What cover there would be here, what game, big and little, were it not for these tillers of the soil with their sheep and turnips and their ploughs "torturing the face of the land to produce unnatural fruit," to quote Josephus as nearly as I can. However, we must do as best we may. There is a "dene" here or glen down to the sea, its sides too steep to allow of the plough; bracken and sloes grow on them, and the low wintry sun at least warms one side of half-dead fern.

So we will climb down to the small burn now running winter full, though the air is dry; and we have not more than decided on the campaign, when up gets a really wild hen pheasant and hunts down the glen, followed by two erratic charges of shot from a gunner whose feet are on an angle of sixty and generally mixed up with lovely autumnal foliage, prickly sloes and brambles. But it was hit, so on we must go, and down towards the white-capped blue sea—only five hundred feet down! But a wild, wounded pheasant must be searched for. A covey of cliff-partridges get up as we stumble down, out of range, of course, and swing out to sea round a cliff and are lost to sight; then down south to leeward they appear for an instant as they come over the Earns Heugh (eagles' cliff) and light in turnips and whins—furze you say in the South—on a fuzzy hillock—a whinny knowe they say here. So we keep them in mind and pursue our devious way through stunted autumnal foliage for our hen pheasant.

Next week I expect to participate in the killing of two or three hundred pheasants in one fell Saturday, along with six other gunners, and goodness knows how many beaters and retrieving dogs. But I believe that Flo, Sammy and myself have as much sport between us, and the one pheasant, as the crowd will have next week. Here we three

have so much we appreciate—our own time, the glen and the red bracken, blue sky and sea, and air enough for the whole world. So we plunge on up the slopes and down to the burn, the pointer disgracefully smelling for rabbits, and at last and at length, by luck or providence, we drop on our hen pheasant, stone dead at the edge of the beach, and as we are putting it into the bag up goes a cock pheasant, a solitary cock in all its blue and golden glory, from the red bracken. Talk of high pheasants, over trees! What are they to one big fellow at close range, out of red ferns and sloes against a blue wind-swept sea? What is the fun of a dozen pheasants on end to this one, got by hard work, and which Sam, my black and white spaniel, brings up with pride in his every movement—though the retrieving was the simplest thing in the world! We get a rabbit next; the pointer points it notwithstanding the many futile "war hares" from its owner; it is shot and put in the bag, worse luck for its weight; every little tells up five hundred feet of rough steep slope.

We toil up the glen, at least the writer does, and he longs for the dogs' legs or an aeroplane, and then over the fields between the grass and the plough till we come to the "wild Oatleys," whatever that means, a name for about eighty acres of heather, low birch, grass and whins all nibbled down by sheep, but good enough holding for partridges were they not cliff-partridges (*Perdix cinerea contoudensis*), which are more clever than hill-bred birds by miles. If I could manage to do so I would kill out the whole breed and introduce some nice big tame lowland birds; then for a year or two they would behave as partridges proper, and not as sea-birds. These cliff-partridges have learned to take to the sea when pursued; they whip over a cliff, swing round a rocky point, and either land on the face of some steep brae, covered with fern and heather, down which it is next to impossible to climb, or rise and light further along the cliff edge, and the moment you appear in sight off they go back again to where they started from. Sometimes we have had shots at them over the edge and have had to climb down or send someone, so the amusement costs too much energy. Now we only send winged words after them as they wheel out of sight. So they flourish and every year seem to increase in numbers and pass on their cunning to their progeny and neighbour birds. Once, however, they were caught out. They had been, I suppose, taking some practice flights one day in a fog and lost their way, and a fishing-boat found a whole covey floating, and you may be sure the birds found their way direct to the fishermen's kitchen—trust an East Country fisherman to hold on to his own! Besides their inherited cunning, these cliff-birds have quite an unaccountable share of luck. For instance, by great skill and patience the writer did induce a covey of over twenty birds to settle in a wide stretch of long grass, and felt with relief that at last he had them on the hip, because the grass could be approached from a lower level; when, by good luck for the birds, my man, by a mistake, let go the new pointer I had on trial, and, just to show how little it cared for anyone, it rampaged off, down wind, right into my doomed birds, and our great chance was gone.

Then, again, on this very day, as I thought by splendid luck, I located the birds' descent to within fifty yards, in a patch of bracken and heather easily approachable. So the writer, with Flo and Sam following

closely and stealthily at heel, quietly, step by step, approached, expecting the birds to rise not nearer than thirty yards off, when with a terrible air-shaking whirr the covey exploded under my feet in every direction, and unfortunately I fired at one right in the sun's eye, a low winter sun, but utterly dazzling, and saw nothing more for a few seconds but vanishing spots. I will try them again, though. I think there's a chance driving; especially if I have a gun hung over the cliffs in a basket; the novelty

may attract one of my young and foolish friends. Out of at least ten large coveys along the cliff edges this year I do not believe I have killed ten birds so far, and this is November. I would be happy now to drown them, or net them, or leave them to mine enemy to shoot, or to break his heart. So, my friends, keep some pity for the stranded landowner in the cold in November with untameable cliff-partridges that he cannot kill.

W. E. BURN MURDOCH.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE RINGING OF BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a cutting from a local paper giving details of a marked sea-mew ("Country Life 28 London—H") killed near Olhao, which may be of interest to you.—E. A. B. PRIOR.

[The following is the newspaper extract as sent by our correspondent: "Olhao.—T.—Foi morta proximo da ilha do pharol uma gaiivota, trazendo em uma das patas um anel de metal branco com a seguinte curiosa inscripcao: 'Country life 28 London.'—H."]

"Olhao.—Near the Lighthouse Island was found dead a sea-gull bearing on one of the feet a ring of white metal with the following curious inscription: 'Country Life 28 London—H.'" This was evidently one of the birds ringed by direction of Mr. Edward Hudson at the Farne Islands in June of this year.—ED.]

### THE LAW AND THE BURGLAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If "Country House" will refer to "Stone's Justices' Manual," forty-eighth edition, 1908, page 813, note G, he will see that he has a perfect right to shoot a burglar. The following is an extract: "As to killing a burglar, see Stephen's Commentaries, fourteenth edition, vol. 4, page 40, where it is laid down that 'If any person attempts the robbery or murder, or to break open a house in the night-time, and is killed in such attempt, either by the party assaulted or the owner of the house, or the servant attendant upon either, or by any other person present and interposing to prevent mischief, the slayer shall be acquitted and discharged.'" I have beside me a cutting from a local paper, dated November, 1893, which under the heading of "Should Burglars Be Shot?" says, "the *Saturday Review* discusses the theory as to the right or otherwise of householders to shoot persons whom they find occupying their premises, after a felonious breaking and entry, especially at night." Commenting on the decision of a recent case at Manchester, it says, "Mr. Justice Grantham must clearly be enrolled among the followers of the late Mr. Justice Wills, and who could be in a better following? Mr. Justice Wills was asked, 'If I look into my drawing-room and see a burglar packing up the clock, and he cannot see me, what ought I to do?' He replied as nearly as may be, 'My advice to you, which I give as a man, as a lawyer and as an English judge, is as follows: In the supposed circumstances this is what you have a right to do, and I am by no means sure that it is not your duty to do it: Take a double-barrelled gun, carefully load both barrels, and then, without attracting the burglar's attention, aim steadily at his heart and shoot him dead.'" Whether the above is a true record of what the (then) late Mr. Justice Wills said or not I cannot vouch for; it is only a copy of what appeared in the paper, but it stands to reason that if a man finds a burglar in his house it would be folly on his part to wait for the burglar to shoot or maim him without having the first shot.—JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to this question let me quote a couple of actual cases. The first occurred not very long ago in one of the suburbs of Glasgow. A young man, sleeping in his father's house, was aroused one night by a burglar. Seizing a revolver he went downstairs and confronted the man. Thereupon the burglar either fired a revolver at him or attacked him with a knife, I forget which. The young man promptly shot the burglar dead. He was not even prosecuted. The second case occurred in India. My informant was an Anglo-Indian, and assured me that the facts were within his own knowledge. A lady, being aroused at night by a burglar, took a revolver to defend herself. When the burglar (a native) saw her he promptly turned tail and fled. She shot him through the back and killed him. Discovering that he was dead, she promptly turned the body over and shot him again in the face. She thus made it appear that the burglar had made a frontal attack upon her and that she had only fired in self-defence. After investigation, no prosecution followed. These two actual cases seem to me to support the statement of the law given by your correspondent "Lex."—SECUNDUS.

### BRANSCOMBE CHURCH, EAST DEVON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of November 6th appeared a letter referring to the much-needed "restoration" of this church, and expressing a hope that, in the interest of antiquarianism, the very common deal pews and "hideous" and common three-decker, which now disfigure the interior, may be allowed to remain. As one born and bred in East Devon, I think your correspondent is misinformed in regard to the "dismay" caused by the announcement of the hoped-for restoration. To some of our modern archaeologists and curiosity-hunters the word "restoration" is anathema maranatha, and but recently I heard one say that he would prefer that a church be allowed to become a ruin than have it "restored." I am old-fashioned and prosaic enough to think that our churches were erected by their pious founders as temples in which to worship the Almighty rather than to become picturesque curiosities or ruins. I feel sure that nothing will be done to injure or interfere with the real architectural points of Branscombe Church, and that everything worth preserving will be scrupulously preserved; but can these hideous and common deal pews and pulpit be called such? Placed in the church in the days when the Puritan and vandal spirit was strong, they are entirely out of place: in a church where service is intended to be conducted according to the "use" of the Church of England. They have not even got the saving graces of antiquity

or beauty to justify their retention. We owe much, in spite of the scorn with which the word "restore" is uttered by some, to the various restorations of our forefathers. Without them our old churches would, many or most of them, have been in ruins by the sixteenth century. It is for us, in again undertaking "restoration," to ensure that, while preserving our old buildings, we do not perpetrate or perpetuate the hideous enormities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.—EAST DEVON.

[While publishing the above letter we wish to disassociate ourselves from some of its opinions. Repair and not "restoration" is the right way to prevent churches falling into ruin. "Hideous enormities" is surely not a legitimate description of seventeenth and eighteenth century work. We hope such views are not prevalent, and we invite further correspondence on the subject.—ED.]

### THE COOKING OF THE WOODCOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There are many ways of cooking a woodcock, but to my mind the best way is to roast him in front of a moderately quick fire. After plucking the bird, it should be wiped carefully and trussed with his own bill, a piece of fat bacon rolled round his breast, a slice of buttered toast placed under him and basted well with good fresh butter. Cook for twenty to thirty minutes, according to size of bird. Serve very hot with some good gravy, fried bread-crumbs, and chips of potatoes fried very crisp. I should imagine that cooking on a chafing-dish would sadden the bird, as the process would be a slow one. All "fancy" cooking of woodcock and snipe spoils them. Roasting is the way.—PAT.

### LOST GOLF BALL LAW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I believe this is a question which has been discussed before, but it has come up again now in a very acute form at my local club, and I should be really obliged if you could give the proper legal answer to it: To whom do golf balls belong that are driven over the boundary of the course into a private property? What I am told is that the proprietor has a perfect right to forbid anybody's going into his property in order to get the ball. That seems reasonable. But I am also told that the proprietor of the ground may not legally appropriate the golf ball just because it has been driven on to his land, and I must confess that this seems reasonable also, although the outcome of these two seemingly reasonable arguments appears to be that the golf ball has to lie there, where it was driven, useless to everybody. Thus, by the combination of two reasonable arguments, we are reduced to an absolute absurdity. Someone in the club said that he did not see why the golf ball did not belong to the proprietor on to whose ground it had been driven, but he was at once nonplussed by the reply of another member: "Well, if your hat blew off and went over a hedge into another man's garden, you wouldn't consider—would you—that it was not yours any longer, but his?" This seems to be unanswerable, and to be absolutely a parallel case with that of the errant golf ball. It would be very good of you, and of very much practical interest to many of us, if you could get the law on the point expounded.—WILD DRIVER.

[Our correspondent asks a most interesting and difficult question, which some of our legal correspondents may be able to answer.—ED.]

### HOME OF REST FOR HORSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I believe there is an institution called the "Home of Rest" for horses. Could you kindly tell me about it? Or, if unable to do so yourself, perhaps some of your readers kindly would. I believe it was established first for the accommodation of broken-down or superannuated cab-horses, in order that they might die happily instead of being sent to the knacker. What I want to know is the a dress to which one can apply for getting an old horse admitted—I presume it is open to others besides cab-horses, where the stations are, how much the charge is, and whether the horses are made really comfortable, with sheds or shelters to lie in at night in winter? For any information which you can give me on the subject I should be greatly obliged.—H.

### GOLDEN EAGLE SEEN NEAR CALLANDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On Sunday, November 21st, a golden eagle (*Aquila chrysaetos*) was observed hovering and circling high up in the blue above Ardochallarie. This place is on the estate of Captain Stirling of Keir, and is situated on the eastern side of Loch Lubnaig, about halfway from either end of the lake. The bird would more than probably be a young one, migrating to more southern quarters. Last winter a young bird of the same species was discovered on the banks of Loch Vennachar by a shepherd. Having gorged itself to such an extent with its prey that it was unable to rise from the ground when the man came upon it, it was easily secured. It was kept in a dog kennel for some days, and subsequently liberated.—C. J. H. CASSELL.

### A HINT FOR THE BLACK COUNTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The first question of one who looks at the accompanying photograph may well be, "What is it?" The curious structure in the foreground is





A FACTORY CHIMNEY COVERED BY TREE.

actually a factory chimney in Burma covered with a tree. This conjunction was brought about by a bird depositing a seed on the top of the chimney. The seed took root in a crevice and grew, and the roots, shooting ever downward in search of the moisture on which existence depended, finally covered the whole chimney with a thick network.—H. G. P.

## CARD-PLAYING AND PLAYING CARDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The general custom of playing cards at Christmas-time probably originated from a prohibitory statute of Henry VIII.'s reign forbidding card-playing save during the Christmas holidays. This prohibition extended only to persons of humble rank. During the Tudor dynasty *Primero*—originally a Spanish game introduced by Philip of Spain after his marriage with Queen Mary—was the fashionable Court game. It was succeeded by "Maw," the favourite pastime of James I., who appears to have played cards just as he played at State affairs, in an indolent manner, requiring in both cases someone to hold his cards. Maw differed very slightly from five cards, the most popular game at the present day in Ireland. From Cotton's "Compleat Gamester" we learn that as early as 1674, "Five cards is an Irish game and is much played in that kingdom for considerable sums of money, as All-fours is played in Kent and Post and pair in the West of England." Noddy, another of the old English Court games, is the cribbage of present times. Ombre was probably introduced into this country by Catherine of Portugal, wife of Charles II. The Court poet Waller wrote a poem on a card torn at ombre by the Queen. According to Pepys it was this Royal lady who started the practice of card-playing on Sunday at the English Court in Charles's reign. Quadrille followed ombre, but did not reign so long as its predecessor. While these games were in vogue, whist, destined to outshine them, was in course of erection. At various times many attempts were made to turn playing cards to a very different use from that for which they were first intended. For instance, in 1518 a learned Franciscan friar published "Logica Memorativa," a mode of teaching logic by a pack of cards; and afterwards tried to teach a summary of Civil Law in the same manner. Jackson, in 1656, published the "Scholars' Sciential Cards," which purposed to teach reading, spelling, grammar, writing and arithmetic by playing cards. Even the pulpit turned card-playing to practical use. Preaching at Cambridge on the Sunday before Christmas, 1527, Bishop Latimer suited his sermon to the card-playing season.

Advertisements, now known as circulars, were formerly printed on the backs of playing cards, which were also used in the same manner for visiting cards. Several visiting cards of this description—one of them bearing the name of Isaac Newton—were found behind a marble mantel-piece when a house in Soho was undergoing repair. In conclusion, the following is the card-player's epitaph:

"His card is cut—long days he shuffled thro  
The Game of Life—he *déist* as others do:  
Though he by *honours* tells not its amount,  
When the last *trump* is played, his *tricks* will count."—G. W.

## IN A COUNTRYMAN'S CART.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if the following little experience will interest your readers, but it certainly amused me. Walking in a rather lonely part of Essex on Saturday I took a wrong turning, and had gone some miles out of my way when I saw coming towards me a countryman in a light spring cart drawn by a sturdy cob. I asked him where I was, and found I had to retrace my footsteps for some distance. "Jump up, sir," said he; "I go part of the way." I accepted his invitation, and in climbing into the cart disarranged some folded sacks at the bottom of it. Under them I caught sight of what, at first, I took to be a walking-stick. A second glance revealed the barrel of a miniature rifle. I pushed the sacks back with my foot and glanced at my companion, but, apparently, the incident had escaped his notice. The road, I might say, lay between two large game preserves, and in the five miles we rode together we saw, perhaps, a hundred pheasants, either on the road or in the fields beside it; also we passed a game-keeper, whom my driver hailed with great warmth. The turning where our ways parted was marked by an inn with the cheerful sign of "The British Grenadier," whereat I suggested we should celebrate our meeting. Seated by the fire in the cosy bar my new friend, finding I was a stranger to the district, waxed loquacious. "Did you wonder why I carried a gun?" he asked. I had to confess I had wondered. "Did you see the long-tails?" said he. My mother-wit concluded that he referred to the pheasants. I admitted I had. "Many a one I've shot," he continued, "in that lane; but about a week ago, as I was comin' along, there was three cocks in the middle o' the road pickin' about like old hens. Ses I to myself, 'I'll have one o' you, my gentlemen!' I hopped out and led the cob till I was about forty yards away, an' I was turnin' to get out the rifle when I see the top of a gate-post an' it was just the shape of a bowler hat. There ain't no post-tops that shape in these parts, thinks I, so I out with my knife and picks up cob's hoof and peggles away at a stone what ain't there. Then I hops up and on I goes. When I passed the gate-post, sure enough there was velvetens squatting behind it. 'Mornin', ses I. 'Mornin', ses he, and we both laughed up our sleeves; but it seems to me 'e's been squattin' there ever since. No, sir, a rifle don't make much noise, but it's too much for the high road. The best way, if you want a long-tail, is to bait a fish-hook with a shop-plom, only then you must be out early, he do raise such a dust. Or else, if you think that's cruel, get a fishin' rod and a noose o' the finest copper wire at the end of it, and just be messin' about when they goes up to roost. Then you creep under the tree and touch 'im gently with the noose. Out he pokes his long neck, like an old tortoise, an' you've got him. No noise there." I have seen the Indians of Vancouver catch spruce-grouse by this identical method in broad daylight, so I know it is practicable. We parted with mutual regrets, but I could not help wondering as he jogged away how much there was under those sacks that I had not seen.—D. S.

## THE ZEBRA IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a zebra which feeds quietly with a herd of donkeys on Lord Delamere's estate in British East Africa. The zebra is such a shy, untameable animal that this occurrence is of more than usual interest.—FELIX J. KOCH.



ZEBRA FEEDING WITH HERD OF DONKEYS.



## A STRANGE ATTACHMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In front of this house I have grazing, in a small paddock, a favourite Boer pony. Some months ago a lamb forced its way through the fence and



CLOSE FRIENDS.

is now the devoted and constant companion of the pony. The affection seems all on the lamb's part. It sometimes lies alongside its large friend with its head resting against one of its legs. I could, however, only obtain a photograph of them when standing near each other, and now enclose it.—  
WILLIAM LISLE B. COULSON.

## THE OLDEST SHEEP.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—With reference to your correspondents S. Glendenning and J. W. Austen, in your issue of the 6th inst., I have to-day come across an interesting note on a prolific ewe in

the *Illustrated London News* of April 14th, 1855. "A ewe the property of Mr. Arnall of Thrusington, Leicestershire, has had the immense number of twenty-two lambs in six years, three lambs at a time for three times, four lambs twice, and once five, and is still in a very healthy condition." It would be interesting to find out, seeing that both Mr. Paget's and Mr. Arnall's ewes are placed in Leicestershire, within twelve miles of each other, whether they belong to the same strain.—G. C. BUCKNALL.

## NAMES OF VEHICLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was interested by the letter of "Taxi" quoting the late Mr. Albert Pell on the origin of the name of the "Hansom," or "Hansom cab." How soon the origin of names of vehicles in London can be forgotten was shown me by an occurrence once brought to my notice. An old gentleman, old scholar, perhaps old pedant, very courteously escorting a young lady to the door of his house in London, asked her how she was going. "Oh!" she said, "I think I'll walk to the bottom of the street and get into a bus." "Pardon me," said the old pedant. "Omnibus, if you please. But had I not better call you a cab?" "Pardon me," replied the young lady, who had what the old man himself might have called "a pretty wit"—"pardon me," imitating him "cabriolet, if you please." Even this old precisian had to take a lesson showing him how easily the original names of such very familiar things are forgotten, and clipped short. As an instance of the danger of a little knowledge, I may mention the case of a lady friend of my own who was beginning, in discreet years, the study of Latin, and in order to evince her easy mastery of the language insisted, when speaking of more than one omnibus, on calling them "omnibi."—SLOW COACH.

## A SWARM OF BEES.

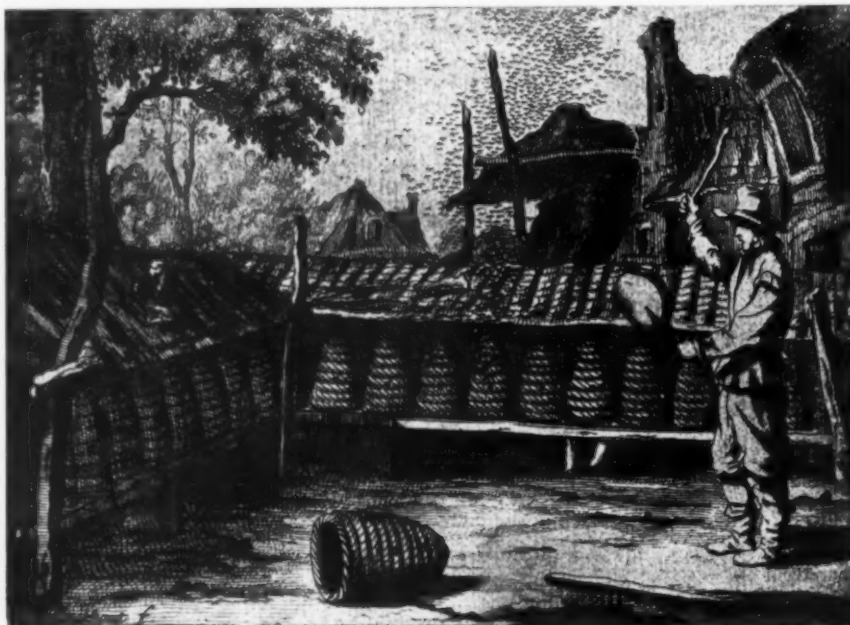
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think you may like to reproduce the accompanying photograph of an illustration in a curious old Dutch book that was published in 1667, and bee-keepers will probably be amused by it. The long-shape skeps arranged in a row underneath a protecting roof, and the queer bee-keeper with his stewpan-looking instrument making a noise, presumably to cause the bees to settle, are altogether delightful.—M.

## INDIAN BUFFALOES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In his interesting article on the Indian buffaloes, Mr. Lydekker makes no mention of the remarkably long horns of some of the Toda buffalo cows. Off and on I spent about two years on the Neigherries, and in the course of shooting expeditions explored most of that delightful plateau. I visited many of the Toda Munda, and was greatly struck with the immense length



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BEE-KEEPER.

of the horns carried by some of the buffalo cows. Measuring their length was, of course, out of the question, but I think some must have been 8ft. or 9ft. from tip to tip. The fierceness of the Toda buffalo always seems to me to be somewhat exaggerated. They certainly have an unpleasant way of staring at one, as though meditating an instant charge; but though I again and again went close to and even through herds of them, I was never actually attacked. Buffalo cows with young calves were supposed to be rather dangerous, but even these never became threatening, unless one went very close up to them. The ease with which the domestic buffalo reverts to the wild condition is well exemplified in Ceylon; there, half-wild crosses are to be seen round some of the lakes—near Kantalai Lake I saw specimens which were so nearly wild that it was impossible to say exactly what they were. They may have been half and half, or have only had a small portion of the domestic strain about them. I suppose the slang name "Water Buffalo" comes from the way these beasts love to wallow in a marsh or lie in a pool of water with only their heads out.—

FLEUR-DE-LYS.

## LACE-MAKING IN BRUGES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your "Correspondence" columns recently I saw an illustration of "Lace-making Under a Sunny Sky." That old lady is not actually making lace, but doing the preparatory work, viz., winding the bobbins with cotton from a skein on a revolving spindle, the base of which is fastened in a block of wood by her left foot. I am enclosing a small photograph of some of the picturesque old ladies of Bruges working the bobbin lace on the actual pillows they use there. They generally work in their doorways to get a good light, but they avoid brilliant sunshine, which would be too trying for the eyesight.—A. H. ROBINSON.



BRUGES' LACEMAKERS.

## VIOLETS IN POTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Pot flowers for sitting-rooms during the winter months are always welcome, and a few violets in pots are sure to be especially appreciated on account of their delightful fragrance. Choose carefully from the plantation nice compact, close plants, and take them up with a firm ball of soil all

round their roots. Cut away all dead leaves, side shoots and suckers. The plants should be put in 4½ in. or 6 in. pots, according to their size, and over the crocks a good layer of manure should be placed as nourishment for the roots and to form a slight bottom heat. The soil used in potting should be rich, sandy and open, with plenty of charred matter mixed with it. When potted the plants should be placed in rows in a cold frame, keeping them always moist, free from suckers and the soil well stirred on the surface, and on any warm day give as much air as possible. When the first signs of bloom appear, remove plants into the house, choosing a nice sunny window, and here they will continue to bloom for several weeks if watered occasionally; they can then be turned out and grown on for cuttings for the following year.—VIDAL.

